

From the British Quarterly Review.

La Bible en France, ou les Traductions des Saintes Ecritures. Etude Historique et Littéraire. Par EMMANUEL PETAVEL, Pasteur de l'Eglise Suisse de Londres.

THE literary treasures of antiquity have, as a rule, made but little way among the masses in modern nations. The schoolboy tugs at them while he is under tutors and governors, but, in the majority of cases, puts them away with his three-cornered cap, and does the best he can to forget that such tormentors as Horace and Homer ever existed. The works of the great Greek and Roman authors are like the nooks and bye-places of a grand industrial exhibition, which may contain some of the rarest and most curious things, but the throng never visits them. The scholar has these shrines of genius almost entirely to himself; and there seems little likelihood that they will ever be profaned by the multitudes of any race, however civilized.

This may be accounted for partly by the difficulty that has always been found in transferring the productions of the classic spirit to the vernacular of busy life in after times; and partly by the inaptness of classic subjects to modern nations. These noble monuments of intellect and taste charm the student by the wealth and beauty of their style; and while they form the basis of accuracy and elegance in English composition, insensibly promote the development of all the finer powers of the mind itself. But, for the most part, they have to do with matters too national and temporary to be of much concern in other ages; or they weave fancies which only suited the world's childhood; or they propound philosophies exploded by advancing science; or, to say the least, they do not touch with any magic power the vital and universal sympathies of man.

And what is true of the literature of Greece and Rome is even more so of the stores of Rabbinical learning, which, next to the Bible, constitute the glory of the Jewish people. These are still the heritage of the few, while the people at large, even among the Jews themselves, generally know as little about them as if there had been

no faithful watchers to snatch them from the flames of persecution.

Thus it is with strictly human literature. But it is not so with the inspired writings. The Bible has not only been preserved almost intact through thousands of years, but it has made path-ways for itself into the very heart of almost every human tribe. More than a hundred and fifty dialects have given themselves to its service, and have learnt to speak with new power from the contact; and it is every day finding fresh channels for its wonder-working energy.

Nor is the reason of this difficult to discover. It may probably be demonstrated that the Biblical idiom is more pliant, and has closer affinities with the modes of speech which the ordinary life of man forms for itself, than any other. The topics, and sentiments, and principles of the Bible are of universal and ever-enduring interest and relationship; they have to do directly with the human conscience and affections, under all conceivable varieties of circumstance; and they meet the inmost wants of man, which no change of time or place affects, and which nothing else can meet. Moreover, there is a cause underlying all this, which must never be overlooked. This book is the direct voice of the Father of all to the whole family on earth.

The Bible, therefore, seems to have been instinctively recognized by man, in every age and country, as the book for all men. And to see how man everywhere gets it; how it transforms its dress, so as to mingle with the people of every clime like a familiar friend; how it breathes its divine music into the harshest of human tongues; how it subdues the wildest utterances of savage hordes, and makes them talk its heavenly truths; how it seizes the finest elements of cultured languages, and makes them speak to the heart as they never spoke before; how, in fact, it becomes the companion of the most untutored, and the model to the most fastidious, and commands the reverence and love of both alike—is a process which no one can study without deep gratification and profit.

The work that has suggested these remarks, and the title of which appears at the

head of this article, has reference mainly to the literary aspect of this matter. It is divided into three parts — the first being a careful historical sketch of the various translations of the Bible into the French tongue, from the earliest times, with biographical notices of their authors; the second, a critical examination of the received version of Ostervald; and the third, a brief but cogent plea for a new French translation. An appendix is added, containing some singular specimen passages from different versions, and the Printer's Preface to the Neuchatel New Testament published in 1534.

M. Pétavel commences his narrative by referring to the prose and verse translations which existed in the very middle of mediæval darkness, and were employed by the Duke of Lancaster as an argument with the British Parliament against the bill introduced in 1390 for the suppression of Wycliffe's Bible.

"Some of these manuscript translations" he observes, "are complete and some are fragmentary. Many are in prose, and many in verse. An example of the latter, that of Macé de Cenquains, may be mentioned, which, although it embraces only a portion of the Bible, occupies no less than forty thousand verses in elucidating the remarks. Most of them follow the Vulgate; but there are some that betray a Greek origin, or at least may be traced to the *Vetus Italica*. They represent every species of dialect; as the *Langue d'Oc*, the *Langue d'Oïl*, the *Normand*, the *Picard*, the *Romance Walloon*, the *Poitevin*, the *Lorrain*, the *Bourguignon*, the *Limousin*, and the French Proper. Some date, as scholars universally admit, as far back as the twelfth, and even the eleventh centuries, thus constituting some of the most ancient monuments of the language, while others are subsequent to the invention of printing."

The first that our author notices is The Four Books of Kings, which De Lincy thinks may have originated in the decrees passed by the councils of Tours and Arles in the ninth century, ordering the Latin homilies then in use to be translated into the vulgar tongue, though probably only for the benefit of the faithful, as it is accompanied by a curious commentary, in which they are frequently addressed as the only hearers supposed to be present at the reading.

The next step in advance was taken in 1170 by Pierre Valdo, or Valdes, a rich merchant in Lyons, who had a translation of select portions of Scripture made in the dialect of Provence. He employed two priests upon this, and was unmolested till he professed his right to preach without clerical ordination.

It is interesting to observe how firmly the people resisted every effort of the ecclesiastical arm to wrench this treasure from their grasp. Many districts of France, like the diocese of Metz, cherished it with a jealousy that baffled all the cruelty and cunning of papal emissaries and their relentless agents. The order of the Council of Toulouse, that all who possessed the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue should have their dwellings razed to the ground, and that they themselves should be hunted out even from the forests and caves of the earth, only roused the enthusiasm of thousands of hearts that thirsted for these forbidden waters; and when excommunication and death were threatened against all lay readers of the sacred volume, a long succession of martyrs, lasting through five hundred years, proved how impossible it is to neutralize true religious feeling. And not only did the brave mountaineers of France and Piedmont guard the inspired word in their rocky homes, and circulated copies of it far and wide, whenever trade called them to visit the more populous haunts of men, but the sovereigns of France gave it a sanctuary beside their thrones. M. Pétavel speaks of the belief entertained by some historians that Charlemagne himself, and at a later period St. Louis, engaged in the work of translating the Bible, the former into the Teutonic, and the latter into the jargon of his age. But though the evidence on this point is imperfect, it is well known that the greatest of the Carolingian kings instructed Alcuin to revise the corrupted text of the Vulgate, and M. Pétavel thinks it was the impulse given by this illustrious monarch that led the Council of Tours to resolve on the measure to which we have alluded, with a view to extend the influence of the homilies. Among other things, Charlemagne ordered the use of the canonical books of the Church, of which he gave a list in his "*Capitularia*," entirely omitting the Apocryphal books. The change produced in France by the measure of popularity which Bible-reading soon attained seems to have delighted Alcuin's royal master, and it was one of his habits to urge the preceptors in the various schools he founded never to give the children any texts of Scripture but what were pure, and had been recently corrected.

Louis the Meek seems to have been as zealous as his father, and the Capetians followed in the same direction, Robert the Pious, who died in 1031, having been known to say that *he would rather forfeit his crown than lose the privilege of reading the Sacred Scriptures*. The duodecimo

copy used by St. Louis in his captivity, and frequently expounded to his officers on his military expeditions, is still preserved, and is characterized as beautifully written and embellished.

Through the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries royal patronage continued to foster the dissemination of the Scriptures, and about the year 1487 they were printed entire in two volumes by order of Charles VIII.

"The Kings of France for a long time preserved in their own library several of the volumes bequeathed to them by their venerable ancestor Charles V. One of these was a small quarto, dating as far back as 1360, very finely written, and illuminated with gold and vermilion. 'The following notes,' says Le-long, 'are inscribed on the last leaf, after the Apocalypse:—

"*Ceste Bible est à nos, Charles V^{me}. de nostre nom, roy de France; et est en deux volumes, et la feimes fuire et par faire.*

"CHARLES.

"*Ceste Bible et au duc de Berry, et fut au roy Charles, son frère.*

"JEHAN.

"*Ceste Bible est à nous, Henry III. de ce nom, roy de France et de Pologne.*

"HENRY.

"*Cette Bible est à nous. — LOUIS XIII.*

"*Cette Bible est à nous. — LOUIS XIV.*"

"It was bound," M. Pétavel continues, "in the reign of Henry IV., and the back bears a Latin inscription in gold letters: 'H. III. Patris patriæ, virtutum restitutoris.' It is mentioned in several ancient catalogues. The inventory of the Queen's jewels, of the month of January, 1379, describes it as 'A large Bible in two volumes, which King Charles always carried with him.' In the time of the Abbé Peluche, the library of the Celestines in Paris contained the very copy in which, as the compiler of the History of Charles V. says, 'this prince, as pious as he was skilled in the art of kingly government, read every day bare-headed, and on his knees.'"

The first Manuscript French version, of which the sketch before us gives a detailed account, is the famous translation, by Guiars des Moulins, of Peter Comestor's "*Historia Scholastica*," which was a kind of Biblical Cyclopædia in Latin, including a summary of the facts of the Old and New Testaments, with Sayings of the Fathers, and even bits of Natural History, Cosmology, and Metaphysical Science, as far as it had then advanced.

The original work was first published about 1170, and reprinted several times in

Paris and Lyons, as well as in other cities of the Continent, and maintained a great popularity, till it was superseded by complete Bibles without commentary.

"Guiars des Moulins," M. Pétavel tells us, "was born sixty years after Peter Comestor died. He was Canon of St. Peter's at Aire, in Artois, on the confines of Flanders. Both Champagne and Artois became centres of Protestant influence at the time of the Reformation. The translation of the '*Biblia Scholastica*,' by Guiars, was destined to become as famous as the original, and it enjoyed a long renown. The Sovereigns of France patronized it from the first, and towards the conclusion of the thirteenth century it acquired an unexampled celebrity.

"It was called the '*Bible hystorians*,' or the '*Ystoires escolastres*,' meaning, no doubt, Historical Notes intended for the schools, or Traditional Scholastic History. It was resorted to in Geneva, when the Reformers arrived in that city, and the library there still contains three copies. The Codex A in particular is well worth examination, and is very neatly written on fine vellum. There are two volumes that bear the arms of the Petau family, and are elegantly embellished with festoons and vignettes in brilliant colours."

We must pass over the quaint, pithy preface to this work which M. Pétavel quotes, and the brief but valuable analysis of its contents which follows, to the mention of those who inherited the spirit of Guiars, and carried his performance through a variety of revisions and modifications.

Here, again, we cannot do better than transcribe the narrator's own words:—

"History speaks of Jehan de Sy (1350), Jehan Vaudetar (1372), Raoul de Presles* and Oresme (1377). Oresme was a preceptor of Charles V., as well as a Master of the College of Navarre, and Bishop of Lisieux. His native place was Caen. P. Arrenchal (1474), William Le Menand (1484), and Jehan de Rely (1487), are also known as having, in their turns, either revised the work of Guiars, and brought it into accordance with the numerous changes which the language of that period underwent, or as having completed it. And the last thing was to exchange the '*Harmony*' composed by Comestor for a complete version of the Four Gospels."

From the age of Manuscript French Bibles we are conducted to the year 1477, when, amongst the first specimens of the typographic art, the French New Testa-

*A celebrated priest, promoted by Charles V. to the office of Master of the Rolls. His work is dedicated, in a modest preface, to his Sovereign, at whose command he undertook it. An analysis is prefixed to each book and chapter.

ment was issued from a private press kept by one Barthélemy Buyer, a rich citizen of Lyons. And this was followed, about ten years afterwards, by the first complete French Bible ever printed, a copy of which, M. Pétavel states, is to be seen in the Imperial Library, and another in the Library of the Arsenal, in Paris. This was, in fact, the final revision and extension of Comestor's "*Historia*," the editor being Jean de Rely, confessor to King Charles the Affable, at whose request he executed the work.

If no other version than this had appeared in France, our Gallic neighbours might with truth have adopted the favourite formula of some modern discoverers who have found out that "The Bible contains the word of God, though it is not that word." The scholars of that day did their best to open the living water to the thirsting myriads of their fellow-countrymen. But they had not bethought themselves of the all-sufficiency of the true and simple text; and hence their versions are not the pure river of the water of life, but turbid streams carrying with them the debris of crumbling mountains and decaying forests. Not only were many of the renderings mistaken, but, in the midst of some really good and useful annotations, the oldest fancies were employed to adorn the meaning. And this was only what might be expected. Considering the training passed through by the most thoughtful minds of that age of "the powers of darkness," and considering that the preachers of the Court of Louis XII. made Cain go to Mass and pay tithes to Abel, and publicly taught their hearers that the Virgin Mary read the hours of Notre Dame, and that Abraham and Isaac repeated their *Paternoster* and *Ave Maria* before they went to bed, it is not strange that the French Bible should represent Moses as having horns, and should state that "the powder of the golden calf, which the great lawgiver mixed with the water drunk by the Israelites, stuck to the beards of those who had worshipped the image, and thus formed a badge by which they were recognized."

But the Reformation was at hand, and the sixteenth century inaugurated another era in the history of the French Scriptures. Just before Luther's thesis startled the slumbering hierarchy in Germany, and Farel appeared as the herald of a new day for France, Lefevre, under the protection of Francis I., and "at the solicitation of many princesses and ladies of the kingdom," translated the New Testament into

the vulgar tongue, and dedicated it à *ung chacun qui a cognaissance de la langue Gallicane* (to every one who knows the French language). As soon as the Gospels were out, Bishop Bricconnet ordered his steward to distribute them gratis "to those who desired to understand them, without sparing silver or gold." The people of the diocese devoured the heavenly manna, and on Sundays and Feast-days many a heart was melted to tears, and many a group might be seen, in royal palace and peasant home, rapt in joy at the gracious words of the Saviour read to them in their own tongue. The precious volume was carried by students and gentlemen, who disguised themselves as hawkers, from one end of France to the other, and into the fastnesses of the Alps and the Jura. From the year 1523 a rapid succession of reprints continued to meet the ever-increasing demand for the Divine word, and M. Pétavel cites a letter addressed to the Pope in July, 1528, by the Bishop of Cambray, informing him of the progress of the reform movement, in which he says:—

"Your Holiness is aware that this detestable heresy reaches us on all sides, through the book-hawkers. Our diocese would have been completely corrupted by this means, had not the Duke executed twelve noblemen who circulated these Gospels. But notwithstanding that, prattlers are not wanting who read these books, and will not give them up for any amount of money."

It was not to be expected that the Church of Rome would suffer this perilous light to be poured upon her dominions without an effort to extinguish it; and hence we find that Lefevre's versions were put on the list of forbidden books. Lefevre himself was obliged to flee, with other reformers, to Strasburg; and the cities and townships of France were visited by heralds proclaiming a Parliamentary edict that it was "unlawful for any one to expound or translate from Latin into French the Epistles of St. Paul, the Apocalypse, or other books."

"Henceforth," it continued, "no printers are to have anything to do with the printing of any books by Luther. No one must speak of the laws of the Church, or of images, except as the holy Church has decreed. All books of the holy Bible translated into French must be turned out by those who possess them, and given up, within eight days, at the registry office of the court. And all prelates, curés, and vicars must forbid their parishioners to have the least doubt concerning the Catholic faith."

In spite, however, of this stringent precaution against even doubt itself, Lefevre pursued his own course, and brought out in successive parts, from 1528 to 1530, the entire Bible in the language of France. During the year 1530 it appeared in one folio volume. Of course it was impossible to publish it in Paris, and hence he sent it to the presses of Antwerp. The *Antwerp Bible*, as it was styled, became the basis of the Catholic as well as Protestant translations of after days, though with considerable modifications. It was the fruit of vast labour and extensive scholarship; for Lefevre carefully compared the Vulgate, on which it was founded, with the original texts. But he seems to have been too timid to effect the sweeping change that was required. M. Pétavel gives some singular specimens of Lefevre's adhesion to the renderings of St. Jerome, as, for example, the term *prêtre* for *elder* or *pastor*, and *pénitence* for *repentance*; while, at the same time, he quotes some other still more important cases, in which he corrected the Latin phrase, especially where its errors supported the worship of images, the doctrine of human merit, and the office of the Virgin Mary as the intercessor for man.

It was reserved for a disciple of Lefevre to take the important step which ushered in the next stage in the history of the French Scriptures. A most interesting chapter now follows on the *Bible of Olivetan*; and we can fancy ourselves present at the heart-stirring Conference, when the Vaudois having invited some of the chiefs of the Reformation to visit them on the 12th of September, 1532, and deputies having poured into the little town of Chanforans from Piedmont, Dauphiné, Provence, Calabria, and Pouille — Farel, among the rest, mounted on a white horse, and accompanied by Olivetan and Gaulnier — the question how to supply the pure Word to the millions of France was propounded for devout consideration; and in the face of the deadly threats that Rome was hurling against all innovations, the brave men assembled in the heart of the valley of Angrogne solemnly passed the resolution that "it was exceedingly desirable and necessary to revise the French Bible, according to the Hebrew and Greek languages, and to print it in large numbers."

This was the origin of Olivetan's version. He was unanimously fixed upon by all the members of the Conference as the best qualified man to undertake the responsible task; and though it appears that he again and again declined the invitation from motives of self-diffidence, he was "begged, prayed,

besought, and almost adjured," until his scruples were overborne; and we find him first in Geneva, and when driven thence, sheltered among the Vaudois, prosecuting the study of the original texts with all the enthusiasm of his nature. The title-page of his Bible of 1535 bears the motto, "*Ecoutez, cieux, et toi, Terre, preste l'oreille car l'Eternel parle.*" M. Pétavel regards the translation of the Hebrew word for the Divine name, by the term *l'Eternel*, which Olivetan was the first to adopt, as an evidence of his originality.

We must leave the text before us to speak of some of the introductory matter which precedes Olivetan's text — such as the Epistle of *Jehan Cauvin* (John Calvin), Olivetan's cousin, penned the same year as he published his "Christian Institutes;" the translator's "apology," addressed to three mysterious personages, of whose strange appellations a very ingenious solution is supplied; the Epistle of the anonymous "O. F. C." interpreted as the joint production of Olivetan, Farel, and Calvin; the index of twenty pages; and certain poetical compositions in Latin and in French. And we can only mention that there is a graphic account of the Evangelist-printer, who performed a most important part in the production of the work. But, considering that Olivetan ranks among the earliest and greatest of the French martyrs, having fallen a victim to poison soon after he completed his undertaking, so that his Dedication, as M. Pétavel suggests, contains his last words, we can hardly refrain from an attempt to give the English reader some idea of the eloquent and forcible, though antique, style in which he wrote. We can, however, only afford space for the following extracts:—

"P. Robert Olivetanus, the humble and obscure translator to the Church of Jesus Christ.

"Greeting.

"It has been customary from the earliest times for those who publish a book to dedicate it to some prince, king, or emperor; and this usage has not been adopted without reason. For, to say nothing of the alluring prospect of royal thanks, some persons are so cautious that they would not receive a work that appeared without the livery of some most illustrious, most excellent, most noble, most renowned, most victorious, most sacred, most blessed, and most holy name. But as for myself, having taken in hand this present translation of the Bible, and having well considered the whole matter, I have yielded to the requirements of Lady 'Custom' in this respect. This book, indeed, consists of very different materials from all other books, which, whatever they are, serve as thank-offerings, in return for rich and fruit-

ful lands. I do not hunt creatures of that sort; for, thank God, I am quite content with such game as will supply my need. . . . This book, therefore, seeks no favour, and looks to no human approval, power, or paternity, however lofty, but thine, O poor little Church! and that of thy true believers who are learned in the knowledge of God. . . .

"As to the poor people who send thee this present, they have been banished from thy society for more than three hundred years. Scattered to the four corners of Gaul, they are held (always unjustly, and for the name of Christ) to be the most wicked race that ever was; so that others use their name as a term of reproach and abuse. These are the patient ones who have conquered all assaults in silence and hope. Do you not know who this people is? It is thy brother, who, like Joseph, cannot refrain from making himself known to thee. It is Jonathan, the most thorough, constant, and faithful friend thou hast ever had. He has always hoped to see thee recognize the right that thou hast in common with him, and which he is unwilling to enjoy without thee. He has long seen thee running about for the pleasure of masters hard to please, ill clad, ill used, exposed to heat and cold, and in such a pitiable condition, that one would take thee to be some poor slave, rather than the daughter and heiress of the Lord of the universe.

"Hence thy brother, who pities this miserable life of thine, has often taken upon himself to call thee sister, in passing and repassing, and thus to give thee the watchword of perfect and happy liberty. But, stupefied with blows, hardships, and toils, thou hast past me by, and gone on thy way. Thou hast never laid down one burden, but thy most religious masters have loaded thee with another. These creatures of plenty have hardly given thee time to eat or drink; for they have wanted thee, and expected thee, and ordered thee about, that thou shouldst fast most of thy time, to serve their gluttonous, insatiable appetites. Now that thou art a little come to thyself, and art beginning to know the race from which thou has descended, this people, thy brother, comes forward, and lovingly offers thee his all. And though still thou art but a chambermaid and a waitress, rub off the dirt wherewith thou hast bespattered thy clothes while running on the muddy road of vain traditions, and wash thy hands, which are foul with doing the servile work of iniquity.

"Dost thou wish to be always in bondage? Is it not time for thee to think of thy spouse? Is Christ to love thee in vain? Is all his labour to be lost on thee? Wilt thou not have regard to the precious jewels which he himself (if thou canst understand it) sends thee in fealty of marriage? Dost thou prefer the gloom of the cloister? Wouldst thou rather have secret sippings under thy masters' thau sit at the bountiful and delicious table of thy spouse? Wilt thou never give him thy love and faith? What art thou waiting for? Art thou not willing to trust him? Is there not wealth enough in his Father's house

to keep thee? Art thou afraid that he in whom there is no malice or guile will deceive thee? or that one who is so gentle and good will treat thee badly? Will he who giveth immortal life leave thee to die? Art thou afraid that he who liveth for ever will some day leave thee a widow?

"Think not of thy littleness; it pleaseth him to choose base things to confound and put to shame things that are high; it pleaseth him to choose thee, who art nothing, to make thee greater than those who think they are something. Cheer up! Take leave of thy masters, and this treacherous stepmother whom thou hast so long called mother. Tell them that it is time for thee to follow the will of Christ, thy spouse, who asks for thee. Excuse them all they owe thee; for thy spouse can have nothing to do with the gains that would dishonour him. It is true thou hast nothing of any value to bring thy spouse. But what then? Come — come boldly, with all the nobles and titled ones of thy court, thy reviled, excommunicated, imprisoned, banished, spit upon, and spoiled. Come with thy torn, branded, earless, and dismembered children. Unlike other kings, who will have no one in their palaces that is not well-dressed, healthy, and in good condition, he likes to see his followers as he was in this world; and he calls them kindly, to comfort them, to enrich them, promote them, and make them triumph with him in his heavenly court.

"Now then, happy bride of the King's Son, accept and receive this Word and Testament, in which thou canst see the holy and infallible will of Christ, thy husband, and of God his Father; and may he keep thee, O poor little Church, in his grace!

"The Alps, this 12th of February, 1535."

M. Pétavel warmly defends Olivetan from the charge of plagiarism, preferred against him by some historians, and speaks with admiration of his laboriousness, accuracy, and rapidity, as well as his conspicuous modesty of character. On comparing the Antwerp Bible closely with Olivetan's, in several parts of both Testaments he has discovered such numerous emendations in the latter, that, judging proportionately, he thinks Olivetan must have departed from the text of Lefevre in more than twenty-three thousand instances; and taking into account minute verbal corrections, he estimates the number of variations as no less than sixty thousand. And he considers that, although Olivetan himself speaks of having "compared all the translations, ancient and modern, even the German and the Italian, as far as God has given him the knowledge of them," he owed but little to the latter of these.

"Erasmus," he argues, "and Pagninus, the two princes of Greek and Hebrew learning, had

just brought out two admirable Latin versions—one of the New and the other of the Old Testament, the latter having cost thirty years of labour. Pagninus, who was an old pupil of Savonarola, handled the plastic powers of the Latin so well, that he succeeded in producing an exact representation of the original, word for word; and the version of Erasmus, though less literal, is on the whole so faithful that it was reprinted in Protestant Germany at the close of the seventeenth century. And why should Olivetan resort to languages that were then but little known for the aid which the ordinary tongue of the learned of those days freely offered him?"

Erasmus and Pagninus, therefore, seem to have been Olivetan's chief guides, Erasmus's paraphrase being prominent in the New Testament, and in the old various traces being observable of Lyra's *Postills*, which contained the views of the famous Jewish expositors, Jarchi and Kimchi.

It is a trite thing to say that important events are often so dovetailed as to point unmistakably to the hand of Divine Providence; and that thus some of the greatest ends are worked out. But striking illustrations of the fact sometimes occur. Dr. Livingstone states that long before he explored the Zambezi, Sebituane had migrated northward with his tribe, planted the seat of his government in Linyanti, and established the Bechuana as the reigning dialect in the vast region around him. While this was in process, Moffatt, little dreaming of the immeasurable results that would one day follow his humble labours, was translating the Bible into this very language; and by the time he had finished his version not only had Sebituane unconsciously prepared his new dominions to receive it, but the missionary had reached the metropolis of the Makololo chief, and when suffering an involuntary detention, owing to impassable floods, employed his time in teaching the people to read.

And so in the case before us events were manifestly tending towards the furtherance of the great cause to be served. No sooner had the multitudes in France, awakened by the voices of the new preachers, begun to cry out for the bread of life, than Olivetan appears amongst them with his noble gift of the entire Scriptures, transferred from the original texts to their own familiar speech. Neuchatel had already voted for reform; Geneva was following in the same steps; and here was the soil on which a true reform, a really spiritual life, would grow. Coverdale and his companions in exile were longing to see their

country supplied with a purer English version. And here they found the groundwork of the *Geneva English Bible*, which they produced, to meet their urgent want, in 1562. It appears also that, twenty-five years later, Olivetan's Bible was adopted as the basis in the revival of the Dutch version. Thus Olivetan, though hurried away in the prime of life by the hand of an enemy, lived long enough to perform a service to the Church which the chronicler of these events regards as scarcely having a parallel, except it be the conversion of Calvin, in which, also, Olivetan was the chosen instrument.

We now come to a very interesting and somewhat characteristic passage in the history of one of the Catholic universities:—

"In 1526, when Henry VIII. ordered his deputy, Hacket, to prosecute Eyndhoven, the printer of the first English New Testament (Tyndale's), Hacket encountered an unexpected opposition from the authorities of the country. The lords of Antwerp refused to pass sentence 'without knowing the reason,' and therefore announced their intention to have the accused book translated from the English into Flemish. Hacket, afraid of the consequences of publicity, prevailed upon them to stay proceedings for a time; but ultimately Eyndhoven was acquitted. Indignant at this, Hacket hastened to Malines, the seat of the Emperor's Council. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'are we to punish the man that passes bad money, and not inflict a still heavier penalty on those who coin it?' The printer, of course, was the object of this renewed attack. 'But,' it was replied, 'that is the very question at issue; we are not sure that this is bad money.' The acquittal of Eyndhoven was adhered to, and Antwerp continued to be the depository of English Bibles, until they could be published in London. The municipal authorities of Antwerp were evidently in a liberal humour, and Charles V., who was a thoroughly Flemish prince, did not wish them to be thwarted. Indeed, it seemed as if the clergy themselves shared the feeling of the citizens; for not only did the Franciscan friars of Antwerp, who were more generously disposed than their brethren of Meaux, signify their approval of Lefevre's Bible, but an inquisitor of the Catholic faith, Nicolas Copin, doctor in theology, and dean of the collegiate church of St. Peter's in Louvain, stamped it with his own *imprimatur*.

"But this grace did not last long. The Bible of the aged Lefevre appeared once more after his death, and then it was suppressed. There is one copy of the last edition in the public library of Neuchatel, dated 1541. It contains the improvements introduced by Lefevre, or his amanuensis, in the edition of 1534. The text is revised in many places after the original; certain interpolated passages of the

Vulgate are suppressed, or put between brackets; and marginal notes are added, which, to use the language of the Inquisition, 'smell of Lutheranism.' They tell us, for example, that the Greek word translated *prestre* (priest) simply means *elder*, 'that is, one who is venerable in age and wisdom.' And reference is made to 1 Peter v. 5, where it is evident that this must be the sense. Again it is observed that repentance consists of two things only — namely, mortification of the flesh and its glory, and faith in Jesus Christ. And the whole is preceded by a kind of confession of faith, which does not say a word about the Pope or the Virgin, but contains the condemned doctrine of assurance of salvation.

"Accordingly, when Charles V. became estranged from the Low Countries, in consequence of the revolt of Ghent, in 1536, and the excesses of the Anabaptists, and he joined the Pope against the Protestants of Germany, the changes which had been introduced into the later editions of Lefevre's Bible gave him a plausible pretext for condemning it. This was the drop that made the vessel overflow. Not only was this Bible prohibited, but the two editions of 1534 and 1541 having been put into the Index, were searched up by the Duke of Alva, and so mercilessly destroyed that only a few copies escaped, and these were preserved with the greatest difficulty."

Thus ended the career of Lefevre's Bible, after an existence of a few years.

"But," adds the narrator, "when it is remembered that Catholics and Protestants alike adopted it as the basis of their translations, it is not too much to say that it still lives in an innumerable host of descendants. We have shown that the Protestants founded their versions on it in 1535; and it will be seen that fifteen years afterwards the Catholics did the same. In fact, only four years had elapsed from the condemnation of this Bible when it re-appeared as if it had risen from the dead — not, indeed, in Antwerp, but in Louvain, seven leagues distant. It was printed by Barthélemy Grave, at the expense of the Faculty of Theology, whose name it bore; and hence it acquired an official character.

"At first sight this would appear strange, but it may be explained as follows: —

"The sharp eyes of the chiefs of the Romish Church did not fail to perceive the unpopularity of the tardy measures taken against the Antwerp Bible. Whether from curiosity, or from more sacred motives, an irresistible desire to know the Scriptures universally prevailed, and the Antwerp Bible was calculated to meet this desire. To proscribe it would have been to popularize the heretical Bibles that had recently arrived from Neuchatel and Geneva, and thus to go from bad to worse. Public opinion was forming in the Low Countries, and it was necessary to take this into account; hence the Louvain doctors came to the conclusion that

the safest plan was to give the people the Bible, taking care to dilute everything it contained favorable to heresy. Accordingly, they took Lefevre's Bible; restored the sense of the Vulgate wherever it helped the cause of Catholicism; and to prevent this new edition from appearing too inferior to the Genevese Bibles, they borrowed a certain number of corrections which did not touch the dogmas of tradition."

It appears to be acknowledged by the Catholics themselves that this was the origin of the celebrated Louvain Bible; and while the same thing was done in reference to Luther's Bible, similar motives prevailed in the publication of the English version called the *Rheims Bible*, according to the confession of the editors, as also in the Catholic editions of the Polish Bible. The doctors of Louvain also printed a Flemish Bible as early as 1548, the publication of which was determined upon simultaneously with that of the French Bible, and no doubt for like reasons.

The originators of these versions were famed for orthodoxy, and Charles V. trusting to their enlightenment, readily granted the requisite *privileges*; and Philip II., the Catholic, followed his example. The Louvain Bibles being thus supported by the highest ecclesiastical and civil sanctions, every door was thrown open to receive them. They were reprinted times without number in Antwerp, in Louvain itself, in Rouen, in Paris, and in Lyons. The celebrated Arnauld, who was a sober writer, three times mentions a total of two hundred editions.

M. Pétavel thinks this immense success may be explained as follows: — From the year 1550 the Louvain Bibles became as popular as the annotated Bibles had been during the earlier part of the sixteenth century. They were put in opposition to the Protestant Bibles, and the eager but timid mass of readers, a very numerous class in the Low Countries and in France, naturally preferred them to the heretical versions, which, although more correct, exposed their possessors to the penalty of death. And, moreover, they were not so impure as to prevent their being used, in case of necessity, by Protestants themselves. At the commencement of the present century they were to be found in the pulpits of the reformed churches in the North of France. If they did not make Protestants, they created and fostered the "Gallicans" and the Jansenists, who formed the *élite* of the Catholic Church in France — such men as Bossuet, Fénelon, Arnauld, Nicole, Pascal, and Le Maître de Saci, who regarded the Inspired Word as their true spiritual mother, defended it on every side,

and interpreted its teachings in the refined language of the seventeenth century.

Such was the part taken in the work of Bible dissemination by the University, which, although it was one of the chief bulwarks of the Holy See in the Low Countries, aided in the first appearance of Lefevre's Complete Bible, and a hundred years afterwards banished the Jesuits.

But the field was not left to the Louvain Bible. Although the Antwerp version had been carried into many parts of France by indefatigable men, "ministers, students, and pedlars traversing the country, staff in hand, with their load at their back, in heat and cold, through bye-ways and across deep hollows and bogs, knocking at every door they came to, often badly treated, again and again threatened of their lives, and not knowing in the morning where they should lay their heads at night," yet there were myriads of the people who had never seen a copy of the Scriptures, and to whom their teaching was little known. And although two hundred Louvain editions soon passed into circulation, the demand for the Word of God increased instead of slackening. So that, while the French people were waiting for the opposition of the Sorbonne to be openly defied by the production of the Port Royal Bible, the way was prepared by the appearance of translations which were the fruit of individual efforts on the part of men who sought, single-handed, to meet the ever-growing want.

One of these was René Benoist, confessor to the unfortunate Mary Stuart, who published a translation of the Bible in 1566, which was in fact scarcely anything more than a re-issue of the Geneva edition, and in the preface to which, after enlarging on the evils resulting from heresy, he went on to propose as a remedy the very thing regarded by the learned faculty in Paris as fatal to the public peace, and recommended King Charles to let "the Holy Bible go forth pure and unadulterated, as God gave it to his Church, for our instruction and education, knowing that the enemy of the glory of God and of man's salvation has always tried to secure one of two things—either that the Bible should be buried and hidden, or that it should be given out in a corrupt form, by means of erroneous or dangerous versions or expositions of heretics."

Poor Benoist, though thus enlightened in his views and so earnest for the truth, was not strong enough to endure the unrelenting harassments of the Sorbonne, and after a contest of twenty years made a public recantation by acknowledging the source of

his version, and avowing that it deserved to be rejected.

The editions published by Peter Besse in 1608, and dedicated to Henry IV.; that by Deville in 1613; and Pierre Frizon's in 1621, dedicated to Louis XIII., seem to have had the same origin as Benoist's; but they escaped its fate by being announced as revisions of the authorized Louvain version; and one of them (Frizon's) appears to have owed its safety very much to a virulent attack made on the Protestant Bible in its preface. Marolles, who brought out the French New Testament in 1649, and who, like Frizon, dared to do so without asking episcopal permission or consulting the University Professors, omitted the precaution of denouncing what Protestant hands had produced, and, consequently, he not only failed to secure a reception for his work, but was stopped in the midst of a complete translation of the Old Testament, an order from the Chancellor withdrawing the all-essential "privilege."

M. Pétavel thinks the edition of Véron was prompted by the perplexity which he and other champions of the Roman Catholic Church felt in dealing with the different Bibles now in the hands of the people.

One thing, however, is certain—namely, that while these ghostly officials, who claimed the right to say how much and how little the people should know of the Scriptures, did the best they could to maintain their self-assumed authority, they were not always successful. Though they often cowed their fellow-clericals, the laymen now and then proved too much for them.

The Bible printed by James Corbin in 1643 is an instance in point. Even the will of the reigning sovereign (Louis XIII.) by whose order it was produced, did not restrain the rulers of the Sorbonne from withholding their sanction to this new translation, notwithstanding the fact of its close accordance with the Vulgate. It spoke the language of the people, and that was enough to condemn it. But what the Sorbonne refused was readily obtained from the professors of Poitiers; and the free circulation that crowned the efforts of a resolute editor in this case foretold a still more powerful and successful rebellion against the despotism of learned ignorance.

Persecution may be crafty and remorseless; but it seldom is wise enough to secure its own ends. It walks in darkness, and stumbles at every step. It blinds its own eyes, and, like the infuriated bull, rushes past its prey. It outwits itself. Its fires are too hot, and purify instead of spoiling the

true metal. The forms it imposes on growing life are too rigid, and provoke a resistance that shatters them. Progress presses against its tight reins till it snaps them. Its hard blows only rouse the sleeping spirit to cast off the hated yoke; and the blood it sheds brings earth and heaven to the rescue.

The Sorbonne, in its reckless bigotry, expelled the famous Arnauld, "in defiance," says M. Pétavel, "of the protest of seventy-two of its members; and the next year Arnauld presided over the meetings at Vau-murier that gave birth to the celebrated *Nouveau Testament de Mons*."

This great work, which had been planned twenty years before the above date, and took ten years to accomplish, was the joint production of several of the Port Royal Fathers, among whom were the brothers Antoine and Isaac Le Maitre (the latter having adopted the designation De Saci, which is merely a transposition of his own name, Isaac, probably with a view to disarm the Catholic prejudice against the eminent Huguenot name of Le Maitre), Nicole, Cambout de Pontchâteau, Claude St. Marthe, Noel de Lalanne, Nicole Fontaine, Henri de Peyre, Arnauld of Andilly, Claude Lancelot, the Duke de Luynes, and Pascal who was specially consulted in reference to questions of style. De Saci seems to have prepared the basis, and submitted it to the rest for revival. Five of the brethren in particular were entrusted with the chief responsibility, and during the whole time that the work was in progress the Sisters of the Convent, who were all near relations of these pious recluses, kept up an incessant exercise of prayer. They organized themselves into a succession of groups, that relieved each other like sentinels; so that when one group finished, another immediately took its place, and on their knees they pleaded with God that he would pour the spirit of wisdom and understanding upon the translators, "that nothing might pass from their pens but a holy and pure translation — a faithful copy of the original text."

It would appear that Antoine Le Maitre — who is compared by M. St. Beuve to his patron saint, St. Anthony, for his giant struggles to subdue himself, and though one of the most eloquent speakers of his time, and a man of untiring literary activity, might often be seen toiling at the plough and the mattock, doing all the work of a common labourer, with his beads in his hand — really laid the foundation of what his brother finished. Like Lefevre, he had commenced a Life of the Saints, but early death cut short the prosecution of his de-

sign; and in his dying moments he told his friends that God, who had inspired him with this purpose, did not permit him to consummate it, "because the lives of saints ought to be written by a saintly hand." But the far more precious work he left behind him, his Translation of the Four Gospels and the Apocalypse, formed the starting-point and stimulant to De Saci.

The united labours of the Port Royalists were interrupted by the persecution of 1660, which obliged nearly all of them to flee; and it was not till 1665 that the translation was resumed, "at the solicitation of various persons of great distinction," as M. Varet states, "both in Church and State." The Four Gospels having been revised at a private dwelling, another rendezvous was provided for the translators under the roof of the Duchess of Longueville, where the work was carried so nearly to completion that all they now had to do was to make a joint examination of the vigorous and fervent preface written by De Saci. The final revision was fixed for the 13th of May, 1666, and at dawn of day De Saci started from his temporary home, with his pupil Fontaine, for the last Conference. As they passed in front of the Bastille, they were commiserating poor Savreux, a bookseller of Port Royal, who was a captive within its walls, when a strange voice behind them remarked, "That is enough, gentlemen," and without further ceremony informed them that he was a commissioner bearing an order for their arrest, which in fact had been procured by the Jesuits.

The manuscripts which De Saci carried in his pocket were seized, and the gates of the Bastille closed upon the two new prisoners.

But the enemies of the open Bible were not shrewd enough or strong enough to stay the progress of the destined work, and the thought now occurred to De Saci that he would consecrate his chamber in this gloomy fortress to the translation of the Old Testament. And here, day by day, he passed his time alternately in prayer and study, "the bars of his cell," as he said, "shutting out the distracting world."

Meanwhile De Saci's friends were not idle, and succeeded in recovering the Preface which had been snatched from him as he entered his prison. They sought permission to print their New Testament, and when their entreaties proved in vain, they found a way of eluding the forms of law. The version was sent to Amsterdam, and was printed there by the Elzevirs, bearing the name, however, of Gaspard Migéot, a

bookseller at Mons, and with a permission from the Archbishop of Cambray, a sanction from the Bishop of Namur, and a "privilege" granted by Charles II., king of Spain, prefixed. In addition to all these recommendations, against which the Sorbonne might easily have taken exception, the translators were also provided with a sanction from the University of Louvain, for whose Bibles and certificates the Sorbonne had also shown a special respect; and it must have been rather provoking to the Professors of that unyielding and haughty conclave to find that the royal privilege described one of the anonymous translators (Arnauld) under the sacred title of a "Doctor of the Sorbonne."

The moment the Mons New Testament was out of the press the entire edition was transmitted to Paris, where it arrived in the month of April, 1667, and five thousand copies were sold in a few months. Five editions succeeded one another in the course of the first year, and four in the year following.

If Anthony and Isaac Le Maitre were two of the chief inspiring spirits of this undertaking whilst it was in process, Arnauld is entitled to still higher credit: for he not only assisted in the literary toil from the commencement, his decision as to the sense generally being adopted, but now that another temple of truth had been erected, and ruthless hands would have demolished it, Arnauld was its gallant champion. It was in vain that Perefix, the Archbishop of Paris, published an ordinance against the Mons New Testament, for the masterly pen of Arnauld overwhelmed the document with satire, and it fell to the ground. Within twenty years forty thousand copies were sold, and not only was it the companion of kings and nobles and high ladies about the court of France, but its disinterested authors sent out a large number of colporteurs from Paris to sell it at cost price, and under certain circumstances even below that, the expense being covered by voluntary contributions. And the evangelic spirit thus manifested did not cease here; it exerted its power upon after generations, and many editions were circulated under cost price, and sometimes gratuitously, a century later than this, by the efforts of a Catholic priest, the Abbé de Barneville, the Bishops of Lectoure, Rhodes, and Auxerre signifying their approbation, and wealthy persons aiding him with their gifts.

The two years that De Saci spent in the Bastille were devoted to the translation of the Old Testament; but he was doomed to

a bitter disappointment; for on leaving his prison, and applying for permission to print his version, he was refused except on the condition that it should be accompanied throughout by explanatory remarks. The result was a delay of twenty years. De Saci was not spared to finish the work of annotation, and though he toiled hard for the remaining fifteen years of his life, printing each portion as the commentary was written, the entire volume, as continued by Du Fossé, Huré, and Beaubrun, was not completed till long after his death.

The spirit in which this holy man laboured may be estimated from the following notes, furnished by M. St. Beuve in his "History of Port Royal," of a conversation which De Saci had, during the last year of his life, with his friend Fontaine:—

"'How do I know,' he said, 'that I have done nothing contrary to the purposes of God? I have endeavored to clear the Scriptures of obscurity and uncouthness; and up to this time God has willed that his Word should be enveloped in obscurities. Have I not then reason to fear that, in making, as I have sought to do, a lucid version, and one perhaps tolerably correct as regards the purity of the language, I have been opposing the purposes of the Holy Spirit? I know I have not aimed to entertain my readers, or to gratify that taste for the curious which will find better food in the French Academy. God is my witness that I have always held any contrivances of this kind in abhorrence. But I cannot conceal from myself the fact that I have laboured to render the language clear, pure, and conformable to the rules of grammar; and who can assure me that this method is not a different one from what it has pleased the Holy Spirit to choose? I find in Scripture that the fire that did not come from the altar was profane and strange, though it might be brighter and more beautiful than that which burned in the sanctuary. . . . The desire to edify souls is good; but we must never allow ourselves to be deceived by it. There is a great difference between being pleased and being edified. We are sure to please men by speaking to them with some measure of elegance; but it does not follow that they are edified by this means.'"

It was remarkable that De Saci should have been thus keenly alive to the probability of the very fault which Bossuet afterwards designated as "*an over-carefulness and fastidiousness about words, an effort after that delicacy and grace of style which the Holy Spirit disdained in the original.*"

But while this defect was, in a great measure, compensated by the purity of style which commended the version to a very large class of readers, especially in that fastidious age, De Saci fell into a much more

serious error through his almost absolute adhesion to the Vulgate. Even where Lefevre had ventured to break away from it, De Saci followed it; and this blind submission to the Latin yoke in some instances involved the retention of phrases evidently formed out of regard to the theology of Rome; as, for example, the rendering of *μυστήριον* in Ephes. v. 32, where it refers to marriage, by the term *sacrament*, although in thirty-six other passages the same Greek word is translated *mystère*, or *chose sacrée*. The expressions *faire pénitence* for *μετανοέω*, and *prêtre* for *πρεσβύτερος*, are also quoted by M. Pétavel as cases in point; and these are undoubtedly of a piece with innumerable others in which all the doctrines peculiar to Catholicism are inculcated.

While, therefore, it is right to render the highest honour to the authors of this great work for the learning, and labour, and holy zeal which they freely spent upon it, and while it was an incalculable benefit to the French people to have even such an imperfect representation of the original texts as this is admitted to be presented to them in a form that tempted all classes to read it, there is still more reason for rejoicing that the sacred art did not rest here. As the Protestant version of Neuchatel and Geneva called forth the publication of the Jansenist Bibles, first of Louvain and then of Port Royal, these in their turn evoked the spirit of emulation on the part of the Jesuit Fathers, and their rival efforts no doubt served to keep alive the vigilance of the Protestants.

The Reform party do not appear to have done much after the age of Calvin till the Mons New Testament, and the other Catholic editions that soon followed it, had been some time in the field. From the revision by Calvin in 1540, called the *Sword Bible*, because of the sword engraved as a kind of coat of arms on its title-page, and the successive editions in the years 1545, 1551, and 1560, which came from his careful hand, to the received version of Ostervald, the work on the side of the Protestants consisted either of re-issues of the Geneva Bible or revisions by Swiss scholars. One of the most remarkable of the latter was the work of Corneille Bonaventure Bertram, Professor of Oriental languages in Geneva, who revised the Old Testament after the Hebrew, in 1588, with the assistance of Beza and others. A characteristic feature of this Bible is its general use of the term *Eternel* in application to the Deity, Olivetan having introduced it only in a limited number of passages. It was reprinted in

several of the French cities; in Lyons first, then in Caen, Paris, La Rochelle, Sedan, Charenton, and Niort; and passed through many of the presses of Holland and French Switzerland, as well as of Basle, and was republished in Geneva, with modifications, in 1693, 1712, and 1726.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes prevented the work from proceeding within the bounds of France, and even the New Testament of Amelotte, with the edition which Daillé and Valentine Conrart founded on that of Mons in 1671, were suppressed.

It was not till 1696 that David Martin, in compliance with the request of the Synod of the Walloon Churches, published his New Testament, which, M. Pétavel observes, is very nearly the same as that disseminated in the present day by the Bible Societies under his name. But this was soon followed, in 1707, by the entire Bible, with verbal improvements and excellent notes. And when David Martin's church at La Caune was demolished, and he was driven from his flock by persecution, he was not silenced; for in Utrecht, whither he fled in 1685, he exerted a powerful influence both as University Professor and as pastor; and though at the age of eighty-two, he was preaching on the very day before his departure to eternal rest. Nor was this all. La Caune itself furnished the able reviser, Pierre Roque, who prepared Martin's Bible for general adoption.

The following is the substance of the account given of the first steps towards the next great advance:—

It had been the life-long desire of Ostervald, who was pastor in Neuchatel, to witness the appearance of a new translation of the Holy Scriptures. He expresses this in his first work, "On the Sources of Corruption" (1699). The corrections in the Bible of Martin did not appear to him sufficient. The first edition, however, of the Bible that bears Ostervald's name was only published for his own immediate circle. He had drawn up, for use in public worship at Neuchatel, a series of brief analyses of all the Canonical Books of Scripture, with reflections. This work was taken in manuscript to London, where Ostervald had friends; and it was so much approved that it was translated into English. The publication took place under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and Queen Anne at once adopted it as her companion in the perusal of the sacred volume.

When the Amsterdam printers heard of the success of this translation, they applied

to Ostervald for permission to publish the original; and when the author, in his modesty, refused them, they threatened to re-translate the work from English into French. So that Ostervald was obliged to give way; and this was the origin of the Amsterdam edition of 1724. Besides the analyses and reflections, it contains a certain number of modifications which Ostervald had introduced into the Geneva text.

The year 1741 witnessed the publication of the Bible of Le Cène, which adulterated the text in a sectarian spirit; and hence it could hardly pretend to supersede the Geneva edition. The following manuscript note appears, in French, on the first page of the copy of Le Cène's Bible in the pastor's Library at Neuchatel:—

"N. B. — Although there is something odd about this version, and it has been condemned in Holland by a French Synod, it is not without merit. But the best part of it is the outline it presents of a proposed new version; this deserves to be read by every one who desires to understand the languages of our sacred books."

This outline proposes two thousand emendations of the text of Geneva, giving the reasons in every case, and thus constituting a specimen of the extreme reaction against the rigid orthodoxy and literalism of the period.

Le Clerc's translation of the New Testament (1703) was injured by his being known as a Socinian; but the preface is well worth attention.

The translation brought out in 1728 by two scholars of the Refuge—Beausobre and Lenfant—met with a better reception. Several editions were issued in Germany and in Switzerland, in some instances with a German translation. But it was shut out of France at the period of its greatest success.

The little church at Neuchatel was the first to possess a revised edition of the Bible, whose superiority was proved by the fact that it was the only one among its contemporaries that became the subject of actual discussion. Ostervald adopted the Geneva Bible as the basis of a new and more thorough revision than that above described.

The Pastor's Library in Neuchatel contains the precious copy of the Amsterdam edition, inscribed with marginal emendations by the hand of the translator himself. The single sheets, sent in succession to the printer, have been bound in one volume, from which the precise number of Ostervald's corrections, which is very considerable, might be learned. M. Pétavel has

counted seventy-two in the twenty-five verses of the Epistle to Philemon. The style is carefully corrected throughout. The pen of the reviser makes a murderous onslaught on every page, and sweeps away a host of obsolete, obscure, and barbarous terms of expression, which tended to shock the weak-minded or to repel the indifferent.

Such is the brief history of the received version in use among the French Protestants of the present day; and if there is need of another Ostervald, with the advanced philology of modern days, to bring the French Scriptures into closer accordance with the original texts, let it not be forgotten that the Bible of 1744 was the production of a man more than eighty years of age, and that he accomplished it amidst the anxious occupations of pastoral life. Brave old man! to set to work at the very extremity of his days, nothing daunted by the difficulties of his task, but handling the Old Testament Hebrew, the Septuagint, the Greek Testament, the Vulgate, and the German and French editions, Catholic, as well as Protestant, as if they were all made to serve his great purpose, and in less than twenty-four months to complete an edition of the Scriptures which for a hundred and twenty years has continued to reign among his Protestant fellow-countrymen!

M. Pétavel considers that, while the Catholic translators excel in elegance, but are chargeable with serious errors as to the sense, Ostervald's version, on the other hand, is generally the more correct in the matter of rendering, but labours under great defects of style. This latter fault is to a great extent beyond the province of English criticism; but there can be no difference of opinion as to the general fact. Nor can it be doubtful that Biblical versions ought always to be presented in a form as acceptable and attractive to every class of readers as it is possible to make them, consistently with rigid accuracy as to the sense conveyed.

He has, however, called attention to many philological and exegetical peculiarities in Ostervald's Bible which are matters of interest to all Biblical students, and which bear very powerfully on his plea for a new version.

The following cases are instanced in which a wrong turn has been given to the meaning through the dependence of the translator on the Latin text, in which the article is of course wanting:—

Ephes. vi. 2. *ἐντολὴ πρώτη*, rendered "le premier commandement," the article

being introduced where it is absent in the original, and hence the signification being changed, and the impression being conveyed that this commandment was the first in order of time accompanied by a promise. Instead of the interpretation given by Luther's version and our own in common with the French, M. Pétavel suggests "*ce commandement est capital; une promesse y est attachée*," &c. In other cases the article is omitted where it should be supplied.

John xix. 40. *μετὰ τῶν ἀρωμάτων* is translated "*avec des aromates*," the connection with the previous verse being thus destroyed. Here Luther again agrees with the French, though the English differs.

James i. 27. For *θρησκεία καθαρὰ*, etc., etc., we have "*Une maniere de servir Dieu*."

Luke v. 32. *οὐκ ἐγγέλθη καλεῖσαι δικαίους, ἀλλὰ ἁμαρτωλοὺς εἰς μετάνοιαν*, is rendered "*Ce sont des pécheurs, et non des justes que je suis venu appeler à la repentance*."

Matt. xi. 25. Ostervald reads, "*Je te benis, O Père! de ce que tu as caché ces choses à des sages et à des intelligents*."

1 Tim. i. 15. St. Paul is made to call himself "*l'un des plus grands pécheurs*."

Ephes. ii. 20, iii. 5. The founders of the Christian Church are designated the "*apôtres-prophètes*," instead of "*les apôtres et les prophètes*."

These are a few out of many instances of error in reference to the definite article; and several of another kind are cited in which the sense is injured and sometimes misrepresented through the anxiety of the translator to conciliate prejudice. The term *l'hôtelière*, *ἡ πόρνη*, applied to Rahab, is a specimen, and it may probably be traced to the decline of piety in the eighteenth century; for in a period of earnest spiritual life, the idea of the most abandoned persons becoming the subjects of a sudden and genuine conversion, instead of being repulsive, would have harmonized with the cherished expectations and even with the frequent experience of Christian communities.

The following is a brief resumé of M. Pétavel's views as to the other existing texts, and as to what remains to be done:—

The Geneva version of 1835 he regards as unfitted to supply the present want, not only on account of its own internal imperfections, but because of its identification with one section of the Christian Church. And this undoubtedly is a powerful reason for rejecting it.

That of M. Matter, although the joint production of several scholars, under M.

Matter's presidency, based upon very satisfactory leading principles, and on the whole the nearest to what is required, has not acquired popularity; and, moreover, it labours under one important drawback, which seems scarcely consistent with its other features, namely its adherence to the received versions in all doctrinal passages, except where corrections are actually indispensable, in which case they are placed in the margin. This rule is almost tantamount to the creation of another Vulgate.

The Old Testament version of M. Perret Gentil, which grew out of his habit of translating the originals for his own use in preaching, is too independent, and too divergent from established precedents, to gain a general acceptance, at any rate at present.

The Lausanne edition, though the fruit of most conscientious labour, is marred by its excessive literalism. Hence the best hope for the future lies in an entirely new translation, formed on the principle which ought to be the guiding element in all translation, namely, that of conveying the sense of the author in the clearest and most forcible manner, according to the laws of the idiom to be employed. To use M. Pétavel's words, he pleads for *une version nouvelle, claire, exacte, vivante, le résultat d'un énergique et commun effort*. There are two prime requisites for the accomplishment of this end.

The first is an earnest seeking for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, by whom the sacred originals were indited. And the second is the constitution of a committee which shall embody the best energies of French Protestant scholarship, and shall not exclude the aid of Catholics or of Jews.

So far there can be little doubt as to the soundness of M. Pétavel's scheme. But there is one important point which we think requires very careful reconsideration. He desires to see the proposed version accompanied by archæological, geographical, historical, and critical notes, and other explanatory matter which may assist the reader in understanding the text. We are by no means afraid of these things; let everything be done that can be done to throw light on the sacred text, and to aid the reader to profit from its perusal. But this part of the programme will, to say the least, prove a hindrance, and will greatly increase the difficulties inherent in the undertaking. It is by no means impossible to construct a rendering of any Biblical passage which shall secure the general assent of all engaged in the task. But it is another question whether a Committee, constituted on the liberal basis which M. Pé-

tavel justly lays down, would be likely to agree on the very varied additional matter that he would introduce. We would remind the excellent and enlightened author of this proposal, that the business might be spoiled by attempting too much. The first and all-important thing, surely, is to get a satisfactory text; and when this has been issued with such authority as the case requires, the work of annotation, illustration, and commentary may be safely left to private effort.

Reform is always attended by danger and difficulty — danger within itself, and difficulty *ab extra*. It is not an easy thing for men who are inspired with the enthusiasm that characterizes true reformers to maintain the exact equilibrium between inaction and over-excitement, and to exercise all the patience and the caution which are essential to permanent success. Hence the extravagance and precipitation which have ruined many a promising enterprise. And, on the other hand, he who would achieve anything bearing powerfully on social advancement must expect to encounter a heavy resistance from all those elements of suspicion, timidity, torpor, and vested interest which go to make up the dead weight falsely called "conservatism." A true conservatism should tend to conserve, or keep in a healthy state; but the too familiar spirit of opposition to progress that goes under this name is a close ally of degeneracy and decay.

The reformer, therefore, like the navigator of the Arctic Seas, not only has to watch against hidden rocks that may at any moment shiver his vessel, but sometimes finds himself in the midst of huge icebergs that hem up his course and leave him no alternative but to wait till brighter seasons melt the obstructing masses.

And if this is true in reference to reforms generally, it has its special application to the movement here under discussion. The veneration in which the Bible is happily held by the many, and by most of those who can influence public sentiment, naturally produces a disposition to shrink from any disturbance of the forms of speech that have been given to it, imperfect though they are admitted to be as the exponents of the original texts. There is less reason to regret this than might at first sight be supposed, because it has powerfully tended to restrain undue haste, and to discourage incompetence from attempting the most momentous of all literary tasks. At any rate, it is clear that in the face of this general feeling single-handed labour can hardly be expected to accomplish much in these days in the revision of Biblical versions that have attained extensive

sway. Before the work is commenced it is desirable that as large a number of minds as possible should be acted upon, so that a general consent to the theory of the project may be gained; and then that the highest qualifications, intellectual and moral, that the age can produce should be brought to bear on the object.

M. Pétavel has therefore done well in the course he has adopted. He has taken pains to amass a variety of interesting and valuable information on the whole matter; and then, having laid his conclusions before an assembly of pastors in his own land, he challenges the attention of the friends of the Bible at large. His work bears the marks of most assiduous industry in the collection of materials; his style is lucid, earnest, and highly pleasing; and he writes in a spirit of intelligent loyalty to the Book which he commends to his countrymen.

We have thus far traced the vicissitudes of the French Bible and its heroic translators from their first efforts to the appearance of the most recent editions. But we can hardly quit the subject without a glance at the progress of Bible circulation in France during the present century.

Fifty years ago some devout men, anxious to ascertain the real state of the French nation with regard to the knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, traversed the streets of Paris for three days successively, and searched in vain for a single copy.

Since that time five millions of copies either of the whole or of parts of the Bible, have been diffused in France, and nearly two hundred thousand are circulated every year, although France has not seen an illustrated Bible for two hundred years, and hence, the only attraction has been that which lies in the intrinsic value of the text itself.

Probably no country has presented greater difficulties in the way of Christian truth, the influence of infidelity and utter worldliness having been combined with the resistance of the so-called Christian priesthood to all attempts at the enlightenment of the multitude. And yet the Bible has reached the chief position among the agencies at work upon the national mind in France at this moment. Thirty years ago, political interests were uppermost in every one's thoughts. Twenty years later social questions took the lead. And now these absorbing subjects are giving way to higher themes, and the most popular pens of the day are occupied with the discussions of a religious nature. It was a striking and significant circumstance, when the Institute of France held its annual meeting in 1863, that

the President bore his testimony, in the midst of one of the most brilliant assemblages of learned men that ever met in France, to the unspeakable value of the Scriptures; and that the biennial prize, by which this famous corporation seeks to give the highest stimulus to literary achievement, was awarded to an Israelitish scholar, who had discovered the key to the interpretation of the cuneiform inscriptions found amongst the ruins of Babylon. And it is still more remarkable that the very last production of the French press which has had any thrilling effect upon the popular mind is a work on the life of Jesus, which, extravagant and false as most of its theories are, still indicates the direction that public thought is taking.

Not long ago a French priest was heard lamenting that it was in vain to attempt to suppress the sale of Bibles in France, for so many persons already possessed them; "and," he added, "in fifty years if the good providence of God does not come to our assistance, our religion in this kingdom will be in a deplorable state, for these wretched colporteurs go everywhere." And now the priests themselves have been stirred up to emulation, for an association of ecclesiastics was formed at Vallence, two years ago, to distribute the version of Glaire, the first that has been approved by the *Index Purgatorius*. It is well known, too, that in addition to the extensive labours of the French Societies, which disseminate the versions of Martin, Ostervald, and De Sacy, the Free Church in Lyons, the Bible Society in Geneva, our own British and Foreign Bible Society, and Christian Knowledge Society, are all pushing forward the same enterprise.

Where whole departments might have been searched, but a little while ago, without a single Protestant being found, new congregations and churches, professing a pure evangelical faith, have been gathered, and whole villages have become Protestant. The Bible has not only been the one source of light in all these instances, but it has become the standard around which Protestants can rally and recognize each other, and co-operate for evangelic ends.

The number of members in the French Protestant churches is twice as large as it was before the work of Bible circulation was organized. The threefold number of pastors as compared with the former period; the five thousand Sunday scholars that met on a late occasion in the Cirque Napoléon in Paris; and the Young Men's Christian Associations now spreading over the land, are some of the first indications of the results that may be expected.

The poor of that country, too, have been foremost in showing their sympathy with this movement. The old soldiers who now travel over France as colporteurs report many a touching incident illustrative of the eager desire manifested by the lower classes to possess the sacred volume. One poor man recently, who could scarcely read, and had not the means to buy a New Testament, was so bent on obtaining it, that when he heard of the colporteur being in the neighborhood he went to twelve houses in succession to borrow the ten sous that would enable him to purchase the long-coveted treasure. Others have been known to watch for weeks and months for the approach of the Bible-man, and to greet his steps with tears of joy. One of these itinerant distributors of the Scriptures sold eighteen thousand copies in eleven years; and in distressed districts, where the inhabitants were too poor to purchase, he would pause and read selected portions, which sometimes came like messages from Heaven to the dying and despairing. The simple reading of the word in this way has been often found to be a mighty means of evangelization among thousands of the toiling and needy, who sometimes weep because they cannot afford to have a Testament of their own.

Nor has the opposition of Romish bigotry proved sufficient to retard the process. For even where the priests have been cruel enough to take the Bible from the cottager's home, when there was no one in the dwelling but the timid wife and the crouching little ones, the bitter complaints made by the husband among his neighbors, and his lamentations over the loss he had sustained, have awakened such an interest in the book that ten copies have been bought, on the next visit of the colporteur, for every one that had been seized.

No human work has ever called forth greater self-sacrifice, and courage, and perseverance, than this. The zeal and devotion which has been breathed into the interpreters and diffusers of the Bible not only places them among the noblest spirits in history, but may be taken as no mean evidence of the Divine character of the book itself. And yet, with all the costly effort and all the ardent desires of the friends of this cause, the work is but just begun. Thirty millions of the population in France are still in a condition to need much further light. And therefore the whole Protestant community may fairly be expected to take an interest both in the production of the version proposed and in its wide and rapid circulation.

THE SUNLIGHT OF OUR HOUSEHOLD.

DID you ever see her,
The little fairy sprite,
Who came glancing through our household,
Like a ray of golden light?
Whose little feet kept dancing,
Never weary, until eve
Threw its purple shadows o'er us,
And her good-night kiss she gave?

Did you ever see her,
With her floating curls of brown,
As she gladly ran to meet us
Coming from the distant down?
As she greeted us with kisses,
'Twas the sweetest welcome home
To hear her bird-voice lisping,
"Oh! I'm so glad you've come."

Did you ever see her,
With her eyes of azure blue?
They were sometimes filled with tear-drops.
Like a violet with dew;
Often they were laughing, dancing,
Shining, twinkling, bright with joy,
As she told some pretty story
Of her kitten or a toy.

And you did not see her
When those pattering feet were still,
When the little hands were folded,
Not by their sweet owner's will.
When the eyes were closed so gently,
And the curls of soft brown hair
By the hands of friends were parted
From her forehead pure and fair.

And you did not see her
When they shut the coffin-lid,
And our little fairy darling
From our sight for ever hid.
With her going went our sunlight —
From our home 'tis ever gone.
May we say, with truth and calmness
Not my will, but Thine be done!

Public Opinion.

AFTER THE STORM.

Along the shore, along the shore,
While hushed is now the tempest's din,
Except the sullen, muffled roar
Of breakers rolling slowly in,
A woman toward the sea-line dark
Turns, as she walks, her tearful eyes:
"I see no sail, no boat, no bark —
Alas! alas!" she weeping cries.

Along the shore, along the shore,
The fisher's wife still hurries on,
And scans the tawny ocean o'er,
Still heaving though the storm has gone.

Last night the gale that fiercely blew
Loud souged against the window-pane;
She could not weep — ah! well she knew
What bark was on the angry main.

Along the shore, along the shore,
Where roll the waves with ceaseless din,
The fisher's wife shall see no more
The red-sailed lugger coming in.
Alas! where far the dark sea-line
The sky from ocean doth divide,
The bark lies swallowed by the brine
A score of fathoms 'neath the tide!

Along the shore, along the shore,
Though dark her grief, the mourner hears
A voice that whispers, "Weep no more,
For I will wipe away thy tears.
Vain is the tempest's wrath, and vain
The billows' rage with ruin fed;
The lost one I will bring again —
THE SEA SHALL RENDER UP THE DEAD!"

Along the shore, along the shore,
That skirts the everlasting main,
How oft we weep what never more
The waves of time bring back again!
And while years rolling boom the dirge
Of hopes long swallowed by the brine,
How oft a fruitless search we urge,
And vainly scan the dark sea line!
Good Words.

THE RAPIDS.

PER BELLUM AD PACEM.

Onward ever they pour, the wrestling, far-
leaping rapids,
With the wild clash of an army, tossing its crests
to the battle;
Dashing o'er storm-scathed rock, still on by the
spray-covered headland,
Grappling the helpless spar in the whirling, mer-
ciless eddies;
Past yon islet of green, that whispereth "Stay"
from the fir-tops;
Onward ever; and now with a war-cry of mad-
dening thunder,
Breaks the billowy legion over the rampart of
granite,
Mighty it falls, then, soft as the voiceless, van-
ishing snow-flake,
Melts the vapory pile in the breast of the swal-
lowing river.
Over it, smiling, hangs the fate of the rainbow
eternal,
And on the emerald floor look the cliffs in
shadowy stillness.
Even so wrestles the Truth on the stormy tide
of the Ages;
Then on the bosom of peace soft glide its passion-
less waters.

Transcript.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. GIBSON'S NEIGHBOURS.

MOLLY grew up among these quiet people in calm monotony of life, without any greater event than that which had been recorded, — the being left behind at the Towers, until she was nearly seventeen. She had become a visitor at the school, but she had never gone again to the annual festival at the great house; it was easy to find some excuse for keeping away, and the recollection of that day was not a pleasant one on the whole, though she often thought how much she should like to see the gardens again.

Lady Agnes was married; there was only Lady Fanny remaining at home; Lord Hollingford, the eldest son, had lost his wife, and was a good deal more at the Towers since he had become a widower. He was a tall ungainly man, considered to be as proud as his mother, the countess; but, in fact, he was only shy, and slow at making commonplace speeches. He did not know what to say to people whose daily habits and interests were not the same as his; he would have been very thankful for a hand-book of small-talk, and would have learnt off his sentences with good-humoured diligence. He often envied the fluency of his garrulous father, who delighted in talking to everybody, and was perfectly unconscious of the incoherence of his conversation. But, owing to his constitutional reserve and shyness, Lord Hollingford was not a popular man, although his kindness of heart was very great, his simplicity of character extreme, and his scientific acquirements considerable enough to entitle him to much reputation in the European republic of learned men. In this respect Hollingford was proud of him. The inhabitants knew that the great, grave, clumsy heir to its fealty was highly esteemed for his wisdom; and that he had made one or two discoveries, though in what direction they were not quite sure. But it was safe to point him out to strangers visiting the little town, as "That's Lord Hollingford — the famous Lord Hollingford, you know; you must have heard of him, he is so scientific." If the strangers knew his name, they also knew his claims to fame; if they did not, ten to one but they would appear as if they did, and so conceal not only their own ignorance, but that of their companions, as to the exact nature of the sources of his reputation.

He was left a widower, with two or three boys. They were at a public school; so that

their companionship could make the house in which he had passed his married life but little of a home to him, and he consequently spent much of his time at the Towers, where his mother was proud of him, and his father very fond, but ever so little afraid of him. His friends were always welcomed by Lord and Lady Cumnor; the former, indeed, was in the habit of welcoming everybody everywhere; but it was a proof of Lady Cumnor's real affection for her distinguished son, that she allowed him to ask what she called "all sorts of people" to the Towers. "All sorts of people" meant really those who were distinguished for science and learning, without regard to rank; and, it must be confessed, without much regard to polished manners likewise.

Mr. Hall, Mr. Gibson's predecessor, had always been received with friendly condescension by my lady, who had found him established as the family medical man, when first she came to the Towers on her marriage; but she never thought of interfering with his custom of taking his meals, if he needed refreshment, in the housekeeper's room, not *with* the housekeeper, *bien entendu*. The comfortable, clever, stout, and red-faced doctor would very much have preferred this, even if he had had the choice given him (which he never had) of taking his "snack," as he called it, with my lord and my lady, in the grand dining-room. Of course, if some great surgical gun (like Sir Astley) was brought down from London to bear on the family's health, it was due to him, as well as to the local medical attendant, to ask Mr. Hall to dinner, in a formal ceremonious manner, on which occasion Mr. Hall buried his chin in voluminous folds of white muslin, put on his knee-breeches, with bunches of ribbon at the sides, his silk stockings and buckled shoes, and otherwise made himself excessively uncomfortable in his attire, and went forth in state in a post-chaise from the "Cumnor Arms," consoling himself in the private corner of his heart for the discomfort he was enduring with the idea of how well it would sound the next day in the ears of the squires whom he was in the habit of attending. "Yesterday at dinner the earl said," or "the countess remarked," or "I was surprised to hear when I was dining at the Towers yesterday." But somehow things had changed since Mr. Gibson had become "the doctor" par excellence at Hollingford. Miss Brownings thought that it was because he had such an elegant figure, "such a distinguished manner;" Mrs. Goodenough, "because of his aristocratic connections" — "the son of a Scotch duke, my dear, never

mind on which side of the blanket" — but the fact was certain; although he might frequently ask Mrs. Brown to give him something to eat in the housekeeper's room — he had no time for all the fuss and ceremony of luncheon with my lady — he was always welcome to the grandest circle of visitors in the house. He might lunch with a duke any day that he chose; given that a duke was forthcoming at the Towers. His accent was Scotch, not provincial. He had not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones; and leanness goes a great way to gentility. His complexion was sallow, and his hair black; in those days, the decade after the conclusion of the great continental war, to be sallow and black-a-visé was of itself a distinction; he was not jovial (as my lord remarked with a sigh, but it was my lady who endorsed the invitations), sparing of his words, intelligent, and slightly sarcastic. Therefore he was perfectly presentable.

His Scotch blood (for that he was of Scottish descent there could be no manner of doubt) gave him just the kind of thistly dignity which made every one feel that they must treat him with respect; so on that head he was assured. The grandeur of being an invited guest to dinner at the Towers from time to time, gave him but little pleasure for many years, but it was a form to be gone through in the way of his profession, without any idea of social gratification.

But when Lord Hollingford returned to make the Towers his home, affairs were altered. Mr. Gibson really heard and learnt things that interested him seriously, and that gave fresh flavour to his reading. From time to time he met the leaders of the scientific world; odd-looking, simple-hearted men very much in earnest about their own particular subjects, and not having much to say on any other. Mr. Gibson found himself capable of appreciating such persons, and also perceived that they valued his appreciation, as it was honestly and intelligently given. Indeed, by-and-by, he began to send contributions of his own to the more scientific of the medical journals, and thus partly in receiving, partly in giving out information and accurate thought, a new zest was added to his life. There was not much intercourse between Lord Hollingford and himself; the one was too silent and shy, the other too busy, to seek each other's society with the perseverance required to do away with the social distinction of rank that prevented their frequent meetings. But each was thoroughly pleased to come into contact with the other. Each could rely on the

other's respect and sympathy with a security unknown to many who call themselves friends; and this was a source of happiness to both; to Mr. Gibson the most so, of course; for his range of intelligent and cultivated society was the smaller. Indeed, there was no one equal to himself among the men with whom he associated, and this he had felt as a depressing influence, although he had never recognized the cause of his depression. There was Mr. Ashton, the vicar, who had succeeded Mr. Browning, a thoroughly good and kind-hearted man, but one without an original thought in him; whose habitual courtesy and indolent mind led him to agree to every opinion, not palpably heterodox, and to utter platitudes in the most gentlemanly manner. Mr. Gibson had once or twice amused himself, by leading the vicar on in his agreeable admissions of arguments "as perfectly convincing," and of statements as "curious but undoubted," till he had planted the poor clergyman in a bog of heretical bewilderment. But then Mr. Ashton's pain and suffering at suddenly finding out into what a theological predicament he had been brought, his real self-reproach at his previous admissions, were so great, that Mr. Gibson lost all sense of fun, and hastened back to the Thirty-nine Articles with all the good-will in life, as the only means of soothing the vicar's conscience. On any other subject, except that of orthodoxy, Mr. Gibson could lead him any lengths; but then his ignorance on most of them prevented bland acquiescence from arriving at any results which could startle him. He had some private fortune, and was not married, and lived the life of an indolent and refined bachelor; but though he himself was no very active visitor among his poorer parishioners, he was always willing to relieve their wants in the most liberal, and, considering his habits, occasionally in the most self-denying manner, whenever Mr. Gibson, or anyone else, made them clearly known to him. "Use my purse as freely as if it was your own, Gibson," he was wont to say. "I'm such a bad one at going about and making talk to poor folk — I dare say I don't do enough in that way — but I am most willing to give you anything for any one you may consider in want."

"Thank you; I come upon you pretty often, I believe, and make very little scruple about it; but if you'll allow me to suggest, it is, that you should not try to make talk when you go into the cottages; but just talk."

"I don't see the difference," said the vicar a little querulously; "but I dare say there

is a difference, and I have no doubt what you say is quite true. I should not make talk, but talk; and as both are equally difficult to me, you must let me purchase the privilege of silence by this ten-pound note."

"Thank you. It is not so satisfactory to me; and, I should think, not to yourself. But probably the Joneses and Greens will prefer it."

Mr. Ashton would look with plaintive inquiry into Mr. Gibson's face after some such speech, as if asking if a sarcasm was intended. On the whole they went on in the most amiable way; only beyond the gregarious feeling common to most men, they had very little actual pleasure in each other's society. Perhaps the man of all others to whom Mr. Gibson took the most kindly—at least, until Lord Hollingford came into the neighborhood—was a certain Squire Hamley. He and his ancestors had been called Squire as long back as local tradition extended. But there was many a greater landowner in the county, for Squire Hamley's estate was not more than eight hundred acres or so. But his family had been in possession of it long before the Earls of Cunnor had been heard of; before the Hely-Harrisons had bought Coldstone Park; no one in Hollingford knew the time when the Hamleys had not lived at Hamley. "Ever since the Heptarchy," said the vicar. "Nay," said Miss Browning, "I have heard that there were Hamleys of Hamley before the Romans." The vicar was preparing a polite assent, when Mrs. Goodenough came in with a more startling assertion. "I have always heard," said she, with all the slow authority of an oldest inhabitant, "that there was Hamleys of Hamley afore the time of the pagans." Mr. Ashton could only bow, and say, "Possibly, very possibly, madam." But he said it in so courteous a manner that Mrs. Goodenough looked round in a gratified manner, as much as to say, "The Church confirms my words; who now will dare dispute them?" At any rate, the Hamleys were a very old family, if not aborigines. They had not increased their estate for centuries; they had held their own, if even with an effort, and had not sold a rood of it for the last hundred years or so. But they were not an adventurous race. They never traded, or speculated, or tried agricultural improvements of any kind. They had no capital in any bank; nor what perhaps would have been more in character, hoards of gold in any stocking. Their mode of life was simple, and more like that of yeomen than squires. Indeed Squire Hamley, by continuing the primitive manners and customs of his forefathers the

squires of the eighteenth century, did live more as a yeoman, when such a class existed, than as a squire of this generation. There was a dignity in this quiet conservatism that gained him an immense amount of respect both from high and low; and he might have visited at every house in the county had he so chosen. But he was very indifferent to the charms of society; and perhaps this was owing to the fact that the squire, Stephen Hamley, who at present lived and reigned at Hamley, had not received so good an education as he ought to have done. His father, Squire Roger, had been plucked at Oxford, and, with stubborn pride, he had refused to go up again. Nay, more! he had sworn a great oath, as men did in those days, that none of his children to come should ever know either university by becoming a member of it. He had only one child, the present squire, and he was brought up according to his father's word; he was sent to a petty provincial school, where he saw much that he hated, and then turned loose upon the estate as its heir. Such a bringing up did not do him all the harm that might have been anticipated. He was imperfectly educated, and ignorant on many points; but he was aware of his deficiency, and regretted it in theory. He was awkward and ungainly in society, and so kept out of it as much as possible; and he was obstinate, violent-tempered, and dictatorial in his own immediate circle. On the other side, he was generous, and true as steel; the very soul of honour in fact. He had so much natural shrewdness, that his conversation was always worth listening to, although he was apt to start by assuming entirely false premises, which he considered as incontrovertible as if they had been mathematically proved; but, given the correctness of his premises, nobody could bring more natural wit and sense to bear upon the arguments based upon them. He had married a delicate fine London lady; it was one of those perplexing marriages of which one cannot understand the reasons. Yet they were very happy, though possibly Mrs. Hamley would not have sunk into the condition of a chronic invalid, if her husband had cared a little more for her various tastes, or allowed her the companionship of those who did. After his marriage he was wont to say he had got all that was worth having out of that crowd of houses they called London. It was a compliment to his wife which he repeated until the year of her death; it charmed her at first, it pleased her up to the last time of her hearing it; but, for all that, she used sometimes to wish that he would recog-

nize the fact that there might still be something worth hearing and seeing in the great city. But he never went there again, and though he did not prohibit her going, yet he showed so little sympathy with her when she came back full of what she had done on her visit that she ceased caring to go. Not but what he was kind and willing in giving his consent, and in furnishing her amply with money. "There, there, my little woman, take that! Dress yourself up as fine as any on 'em, and buy what you like, for the credit of Hamley of Hamley; and go to the park and the play, and show off with the best on 'em. I shall be glad to see thee back again, I know; but have thy fling while thou art about it." Then when she came back it was, "Well, well, it has pleased thee, I suppose, so that's all right. But the very talking about it tires me, I know, and I can't think how you have stood it all. Come out and see how pretty the flowers are looking in the south garden. I've made them sow all the seeds you like; and I went over to Hollingford nursery to buy the cuttings of the plants you admired last year. A breath of fresh air will clear my brain after listening to all this talk about the whirl of London, which is like to have turned me giddy."

Mrs. Hamley was a great reader, and had considerable literary taste. She was gentle and sentimental; tender and good. She gave up her visits to London; she gave up her sociable pleasure in the company of her fellows in education and position. Her husband, owing to the deficiencies of his early years, disliked associating with those to whom he ought to have been an equal; he was too proud to mingle with his inferiors. He loved his wife all the more dearly for her sacrifices for him; but, deprived of all her strong interest, she sank into ill-health; nothing definite; only she was never well. Perhaps if she had had a daughter it would have been better for her; but her two children were boys, and their father, anxious to give them the advantages of which he himself had suffered the deprivation, sent the lads very early to a preparatory school. They were to go on to Rugby and Cambridge; the idea of Oxford was hereditarily distasteful in the Hamley family. Osborne, the eldest—so called after his mother's maiden name—was full of tastes, and had some talent. His appearance had all the grace and refinement of his mother's. He was sweet-tempered and affectionate, almost as demonstrative as a girl. He did well at school, carrying away many prizes; and was, in a word, the pride and delight of both father and mother;

the confidential friend of the latter, in default of any other. Roger was two years younger than Osborne; clumsy and heavily built, like his father; his face was square, and the expression grave, and rather immobile. He was good, but dull, his schoolmasters said. He won no prizes, but brought home a favorable report of his conduct. When he caressed his mother, she used laughingly to allude to the fable of the lap-dog and the donkey; so thereafter he left off all personal demonstration of affection. It was a great question as to whether he was to follow his brother to college after he left Rugby. Mrs. Hamley thought it would be rather a throwing away of money, as he was so little likely to distinguish himself in intellectual pursuits; anything practical—such as a civil engineer—would be more the kind of life for him. She thought that it would be too mortifying for him to go to the same college and university as his brother, who was sure to distinguish himself—and, to be repeatedly plucked, to come away wooden-spoon at last. But his father persevered doggedly, as was his wont, in his intention of giving both his sons the same education; they should both have the advantages of which he had been deprived. If Roger did not do well at Cambridge it would be his own fault. If his father did not send him thither, some day or other he might be regretting the omission, as Squire Stephen had done himself for many a year. So Roger followed his brother Osborne to Trinity, and Mrs. Hamley was again left alone, after the year of indecision as to Roger's destination, which had been brought on by her urgency. She had not been able for many years to walk beyond her garden; the greater part of her life was spent on a sofa wheeled to the window in summer, to the fireside in winter. The room which she inhabited was large and pleasant; four tall windows looked out upon a lawn dotted over with flower-beds, and melting away into a small wood, in the centre of which there was a pond filled with water-lilies. About this unseen pond in the deep shade Mrs. Hamley had written many a pretty four-verses poem since she lay on her sofa, alternately reading and composing poetry. She had a small table by her side on which there were the newest works of poetry and fiction; a pencil and blotting-book, with loose sheets of blank paper; a vase of flowers always of her husband's gathering; winter and summer, she had a sweet fresh nosegay every day. Her maid brought her a draught of medicine every three hours, with a glass of clear water and a biscuit; her husband

came to her as often as his love for the open air and his labours out-of-doors permitted; but the event of her day, when her boys were absent, was Mr. Gibson's frequent professional visits.

He knew there was real secret harm going on all this time that people spoke of her as a merely fanciful invalid; and that one or two accused him of humouring her fancies. But he only smiled at such accusations. He felt that his visits were a real pleasure and lightening of her growing and indescribable discomfort; he knew that Squire Hamley would have been only too glad if he had come every day; and he was conscious that by careful watching of her symptoms he might mitigate her bodily pain. Besides all these reasons, he took great pleasure in the squire's society. Mr. Gibson enjoyed the other's unreasonableness; his quaintness; his strong conservatism in religion, politics, and morals. Mrs. Hamley tried sometimes to apologize for, or to soften away, opinions which she fancied were offensive to the doctor, or contradictions which she thought too abrupt; but at such times her husband would lay his great hand almost caressingly on Mr. Gibson's shoulder, and soothe his wife's anxiety, by saying, "Let us alone, little woman. We understand each other, don't we, doctor? Why, bless your life, he gives me better than he gets many a time; only, you see, he sugars it over, and says a sharp thing, and pretends it's all civility and humility; but I can tell when he's giving me a pill."

One of Mrs. Hamley's often-expressed wishes had been, that Molly might come and pay her a visit. Mr. Gibson always refused this request of hers, though he could hardly have given his reasons for these refusals. He did not want to lose the companionship of his child, in fact; but he put it to himself in quite a different way. He thought her lessons and her regular course of employment would be interrupted. The life in Mrs. Hamley's heated and scented room would not be good for the girl; Osborne and Roger Hamley would be at home, and he did not wish Molly to be thrown too exclusively upon them for young society; or they would not be at home, and it would be rather dull and depressing for his girl to be all the day long with a nervous invalid.

But at length the day came when Mr. Gibson rode over, and volunteered a visit from Molly; an offer which Mrs. Hamley received with the "open arms of her heart," as she expressed it; and of which the duration was unspecified. And the cause for this change in Mr. Gibson's wishes was as

follows:—It has been mentioned that he took pupils, rather against his inclination, it is true; but there they were, a Mr. Wynne and Mr. Coxé, "the young gentlemen," as they were called in the household; "Mr. Gibson's young gentlemen," as they were termed in the town. Mr. Wynne was the elder, the more experienced one, who could occasionally take his master's place, and who gained experience by visiting the poor, and the "chronic cases." Mr. Gibson used to talk over his practice with Mr. Wynne, and try and elicit his opinions, in the vain hope that, some day or another, Mr. Wynne might start an original thought. The young man was cautious and slow; he would never do any harm by his rashness, but at the same time he would always be a little behind his day. Still Mr. Gibson remembered that he had had far worse "young gentlemen" to deal with; and was content with, if not thankful for, such an elder pupil as Mr. Wynne. Mr. Coxé was a boy of nineteen or so, with brilliant red hair, and a tolerably red face, of both of which he was very conscious and much ashamed. He was the son of an Indian officer, an old acquaintance of Mr. Gibson's. Major Coxé was at some unpronounceable station in the Punjaub, at the present time; but the year before he had been in England, and had repeatedly expressed his great satisfaction at having placed his only child as a pupil to his old friend, and had in fact almost charged Mr. Gibson with the guardianship as well as the instruction of his boy, giving him many injunctions which he thought were special in this case; but which Mr. Gibson with a touch of annoyance assured the major were always attended to in every case, with every pupil. But when the poor major ventured to beg that his boy might be considered as one of the family, and that he might spend his evenings in the drawing-room instead of the surgery, Mr. Gibson turned upon him with a direct refusal.

"He must live like the others. I can't have the pestle and mortar carried into the drawing-room, and the place smelling of aloes."

"Must my boy make pills himself, then?" asked the major, ruefully.

"To be sure. The youngest apprentice always does. It's not hard work. He'll have the comfort of thinking he won't have to swallow them himself. And he'll have the run of the pomfret cakes, and the conserve of hips, and on Sundays he shall have a taste of tamarinds to reward him for his weekly labour at pill-making."

Major Coxe was not quite sure whether Mr. Gibson was not laughing at him in his sleeve; but things were so far arranged, and the real advantages were so great that he thought it was best to take no notice, but even submit to the indignity of pill-making. He was consoled for all these rubs by Mr. Gibson's manner at last when the supreme moment of final parting arrived. The doctor did not say much; but there was something of real sympathy in his manner that spoke straight to the father's heart, and an implied "you have trusted me with your boy, and I have accepted the trust in full," in each of the few last words.

Mr. Gibson knew his business and human nature too well to distinguish young Coxe by any overt marks of favouritism; but he could not help showing the lad occasionally that he regarded him with especial interest as the son of a friend. Besides this claim upon his regard, there was something about the young man himself that pleased Mr. Gibson. He was rash and impulsive, apt to speak, hitting the nail on the head sometimes with unconscious cleverness, at other times making gross and startling blunders. Mr. Gibson used to tell him that his motto would always be "kill or cure," and to this Mr. Coxe once made answer that he thought it was the best motto a doctor could have; for if he could not cure the patient, it was surely best to get him out of his misery quietly, and at once. Mr. Wynne looked up in surprise, and observed that he should be afraid that such putting out of misery might be looked upon as homicide by some people. Mr. Gibson said in a dry tone, that for his part he should not mind the imputation of homicide, but that it would not do to make away with profitable patients in so speedy a manner; and that he thought that as long as they were willing and able to pay two-and-sixpence for the doctor's visit, it was his duty to keep them alive; of course, when they became paupers the case was different. Mr. Wynne pondered over this speech; Mr. Coxe only laughed. At last Mr. Wynne said, —

"But you go every morning, sir, before breakfast, to see old Nancy Grant, and you've ordered her this medicine, sir, which is about the most costly in Corbyn's bill?"

"Have you not found out how difficult it is for men to live up to their precepts? You've a great deal to learn yet, Mr. Wynne!" said Mr. Gibson, leaving the surgery as he spoke.

"I never can make the governor out," said Mr. Wynne, in a tone of utter despair. "What are you laughing at, Coxey?"

"Oh! I'm thinking how blest you are in having parents who have instilled moral principles into your youthful bosom. You'd go and be poisoning all the paupers off, if you hadn't been told that murder was a crime by your mother; you'd be thinking you were doing as you were bid, and quote old Gibson's words when you came to be tried. 'Please, my lord judge, they were not able to pay for my visits, and so I followed the rules of the profession as taught me by Mr. Gibson, the great surgeon at Hollingford, and poisoned the paupers.'"

"I can't bear that scoffing way of his."

"And I like it. If it wasn't for the governor's fun, and the tamarinds, and something else that I know of, I would run off to India. I hate stifling towns, and sick people, and the smell of drugs, and the stink of pills on my hands; — laugh!"

CHAPTER V.

CALF-LOVE.

ONE day, for some reason or other, Mr. Gibson came home unexpectedly. He was crossing the hall, having come in by the garden-door — the garden communicated with the stable-yard, where he had left his horse — when the kitchen door opened, and the girl who was underling in the establishment, came quickly into the hall with a note in her hand, and made as if she was taking it up stairs; but on seeing her master she gave a little start, and turned back as if to hide herself in the kitchen. If she had not made this movement, so conscious of guilt, Mr. Gibson, who was anything but suspicious, would never have taken any notice of her. As it was, he stepped quickly forward, opened the kitchen door, and called out "Bethia" so sharply that she could not delay coming forwards.

"Give me that note," he said. She hesitated a little.

"It's for Miss Molly," she stammered out.

"Give it to me!" he repeated more quickly than before. She looked as if she would cry; but still she kept the note tight held behind her back.

"He said as I was to give it into her own hands; and I promised as I would, faithful."

"Cook, go and find Miss Molly. Tell her to come here at once."

He fixed Bethia with his eyes. It was of no use trying to escape: she might have thrown it into the fire, but she had not presence of mind enough. She stood immovable, only her eyes looked any way rather than encounter her master's steady gaze.

"Molly, my dear!"

"Papa! I did not know you were at home," said innocent, wondering Molly.

"Bethia, keep your word. Here is Miss Molly; give her the note."

"Indeed, Miss, I couldn't help it!"

Molly took the note, but before she could open it, her father said,—"That's all, my dear; you need not read it. Give it to me. Tell those who sent you, Bethia, that all letters for Miss Molly must pass through my hands. Now be off with you, goosey, and go back to where you came from."

"Papa, I shall make you tell me who my correspondent is."

"We'll see about that, by-and-by."

She went a little reluctantly, with ungratified curiosity, upstairs to Miss Eyre, who was still her daily companion, if not her governess. He turned into the empty dining-room, shut the door, broke the seal of the note, and began to read it. It was a flaming love-letter from Mr. Coxe; who professed himself unable to go on seeing her day after day without speaking to her of the passion she had inspired—an "eternal passion," he called it; on reading which Mr. Gibson laughed a little. Would she not look kindly at him? would she not think of him whose only thought was of her? and so on, with a very proper admixture of violent compliments to her beauty. She was fair, not pale; her eyes were loadstars, her dimples marks of Cupid's finger, &c.

Mr. Gibson finished reading it; and began to think about it in his own mind. "Who would have thought the lad had been so poetical; but, to be sure, there's a 'Shakespeare' in the surgery library: I'll take it away and put 'Johnson's Dictionary' instead. One comfort is the conviction of her perfect innocence—ignorance, I rather should say—for it is easy to see it's the first confession of love," as he calls it. But it's an awful worry—to begin with lovers so early. Why, she's only just seventeen,—not seventeen, indeed, till July; not for six weeks yet. Sixteen and three-quarters! Why, she's quite a baby. To be sure—poor Jeanie was not so old, and how I did love her!" (Mrs. Gibson's name was Mary, so he must have been referring to some one else.) Then his thoughts wandered back to other days, though he still held the open note in his hand. By-and-by his eyes fell upon it again, and his mind came back to bear upon the present time. "I'll not be hard upon him. I'll give him a hint; he is quite sharp enough to take it. Poor laddie! If I send him away, which would be the wisest course, I do believe, he's got no home to go to."

After a little more consideration in the same strain, Mr. Gibson went and sat down at the writing-table and wrote the following formula:—

Master Coxe.

("That 'Master' will touch him to the quick," said Mr. Gibson to himself as he wrote the word.)

R. Verecundiæ §i.
Fidelitatis Domesticæ §i.
Reticientiæ gr. iij.

M. Capiat hanc dosim ter die in aquâ purâ.

R. GIBSON, Ch.

Mr. Gibson smiled a little sadly as he re-read his words. "Poor Jeanie," he said aloud. And then he chose out an envelope, enclosed the fervid love-letter, and the above prescription; sealed it with his own sharply-cut seal-ring, R. G., in Old-English letters, and then paused over the address.

"He'll not like *Master Coxe* outside; no need to put him to unnecessary shame." So the direction on the envelope was—

Edward Coxe, Esq.

Then Mr. Gibson applied himself to the professional business which had brought him home so opportunely and unexpectedly, and afterwards he went back through the garden to the stables; and just as he had mounted his horse, he said to the stableman.—"Oh! by the way, here's a letter for Mr. Coxe. Don't send it through the women; take it round yourself to the surgery-door, and do it at once."

The slight smile upon his face, as he rode out of the gates, died away as soon as he found himself in the solitude of the lanes. He slackened his speed, and began to think. It was very awkward, he considered, to have a motherless girl growing up into womanhood in the same house with two young men, even if she only met them at meal-times; and all the intercourse they had with each other was merely the utterance of such words as, "May I help you to potatoes?" or, as Mr. Wynne would persevere in saying, "May I assist you to potatoes?"—a form of speech which grated daily more and more upon Mr. Gibson's ears. Yet Mr. Coxe, the offender in this affair which had just occurred, had to remain for three years more as a pupil in Mr. Gibson's family. He should be the very last of the race. Still there were three years to be got over; and if this stupid passionate calf-love of his lasted, what was to be done? Sooner or later Molly

would become aware of it. The contingencies of the affair were so excessively disagreeable to contemplate, that Mr. Gibson determined to dismiss the subject from his mind by a good strong effort. He put his horse to a gallop, and found that the violent shaking over the lanes — paved as they were with round stones, which had been dislocated by the wear and tear of a hundred years — was the very best thing for the spirits, if not for the bones. He made a long round that afternoon, and came back to his home imagining that the worst was over, and that Mr. Coxo would have taken the hint conveyed in the prescription. All that would be needed was to find a safe place for the unfortunate Bethia, who had displayed such a daring aptitude for intrigue. But Mr. Gibson reckoned without his host. It was the habit of the young men to come in to tea with the family in the dining-room, to swallow two cups, munch their bread and toast, and then disappear. This night Mr. Gibson watched their countenances furtively from under his long eye-lashes, while he tried against his wont to keep up a *dégage* manner, and a brisk conversation on general subjects. He saw that Mr. Wynne was on the point of breaking out into laughter, and that red-haired, red-faced Mr. Coxo was redder and fiercer than ever, while his whole aspect and ways betrayed indignation and anger.

"He will have it, will he?" thought Mr. Gibson to himself; and he girded up his loins for the battle. He did not follow Molly and Miss Eyre into the drawing-room as he usually did. He remained where he was, pretending to read the newspaper, while Bethia, her face swelled up with crying, and with an aggrieved and offended aspect, removed the tea-things. Not five minutes after the room was cleared, came the expected tap at the door. "May I speak to you, sir?" said the invisible Mr. Coxo, from outside.

"To be sure. Come in, Mr. Coxo. I was rather wanting to talk to you about that bill of Corbyn's. Pray sit down."

"It is about nothing of that kind, sir, that I wanted — that I wished — No, thank you — I would rather not sit down." He, accordingly, stood in offended dignity. "It is about that letter, sir — that letter with the insulting prescription, sir."

"Insulting prescription! I am surprised at such a word being applied to any prescription of mine — though, to be sure, patients are sometimes offended at being told the nature of their illnesses; and, I dare

say, they may take offence at the medicines which their cases require."

"I did not ask you to prescribe for me."

"Oh, no! Then you were the Master Coxo who sent the note through Bethia! Let me tell you it has cost her her place, and was a very silly letter into the bargain."

"It was not the conduct of a gentleman, sir, to intercept it, and to open it, and to read words never addressed to you, sir."

"No!" said Mr. Gibson, with a slight twinkle in his eye and a curl on his lips, not unnoticed by the indignant Mr. Coxo. "I believe I was once considered tolerably good-looking, and I dare say I was as great a coxcomb as any one at twenty; but I don't think that even then I should quite have believed that all those pretty compliments were addressed to myself."

"It was not the conduct of a gentleman, sir," repeated Mr. Coxo, stammering out his words — he was going on to say something more, when Mr. Gibson broke in. —

"And let me tell you, young man," replied Mr. Gibson, with a sudden sternness in his voice, "that what you have done is only excusable in consideration of your youth and extreme ignorance of what are considered the laws of domestic honour. I receive you into my house as a member of my family — you induce one of my servants — corrupting her with a bribe, I have no doubt —"

"Indeed, sir! I never gave her a penny."

"Then you ought to have done. You should always pay those who do your dirty work."

"Just now, sir, you called it corrupting with a bribe," muttered Mr. Coxo.

Mr. Gibson took no notice of this speech, but went on — "Inducing one of my servants to risk her place, without offering her the slightest equivalent, by begging her to convey a letter clandestinely to my daughter — a mere child."

"Miss Gibson, sir, is nearly seventeen! I heard you say so only the other day," said Mr. Coxo, aged twenty. Again Mr. Gibson ignored the remark.

"A letter which you were unwilling to have seen by her father, who had tacitly trusted to your honour, by receiving you as an inmate of his house. Your father's son — I know Major Coxo well — ought to have come to me, and have said out openly, Mr. Gibson, I love — or I fancy that I love — your daughter; I do not think it right to conceal this from you, although unable to earn a penny; and with no prospect of

an unassisted livelihood, even for myself, for several years, I shall not say a word about my feelings — or fancied feelings — to the very young lady herself. That is what your father's son ought to have said; if indeed, a couple of grains of reticent silence would not have been better still."

"And if I had said it, sir,—perhaps I ought to have said it," said poor Mr. Coxe, in a hurry of anxiety, "what would have been your answer? Would you have sanctioned my passion, sir?"

"I would have said, most probably—I will not be certain of my exact words in a supposititious case—that you were a young fool, but not a dishonourable young fool, and I should have told you not to let your thoughts run upon a calf-love until you had magnified it into a passion. And I dare say, to make up for the mortification I should have given you, I should have prescribed your joining the Hollingford Cricket Club, and set you at liberty as often as I could on the Saturday afternoons. As it is, I must write to your father's agent in London, and ask him to remove you out of my household, repaying the premium, of course, which will enable you to start afresh in some other doctor's surgery."

"It will so grieve my father," said Mr. Coxe, startled into dismay, if not repentance.

"I see no other course open. It will give Major Coxe some trouble (I shall take care that he is at no extra expense), but what I think will grieve him the most is the betrayal of confidence; for I trusted you, Robert, like a son of my own!" There was something in Mr. Gibson's voice when he spoke seriously, especially when he referred to any feeling of his own—he who so rarely betrayed what was passing in his heart—that was irresistible to most people: the change from joking and sarcasm to tender gravity.

Mr. Coxe hung his head a little, and meditated.

"I do love Miss Gibson," said he at length. "Who could help it?"

"Mr. Wynne, I hope!" said Mr. Gibson.

"His heart is pre-engaged," replied Mr. Coxe. "Mine was free as air till I saw her."

"Would it tend to cure your—well! passion, we'll say—if she wore blue spectacles at meal-times? I observe you dwell much on the beauty of her eyes."

"You are ridiculing my feelings, Mr. Gibson. Do you forget that you yourself were young once?"

"Poor Jeanie" rose before Mr. Gibson's eyes; and he felt a little rebuked.

"Come, Mr. Coxe, let us see if we can't make a bargain," said he, after a minute or so of silence. "You have done a really wrong thing, and I hope you are convinced of it in your heart, or that you will be when the heat of this discussion is over, and you come to think a little about it. But I won't lose all respect for your father's son. If you will give me your word that, as long as you remain a member of my family—pupil, apprentice, what you will—you won't again try to disclose your passion—you see, I am careful to take your view of what I should call a mere fancy—by word or writing, looks or acts, in any manner whatever, to my daughter, or to talk about your feelings to any one else, you shall remain here. If you cannot give me your word, I must follow out the course I named, and write to your father's agent."

Mr. Coxe stood irresolute.

"Mr. Wynne knows all I feel for Miss Gibson, sir. He and I have no secrets from each other."

"Well, I suppose he must represent the reeds. You know the story of King Midas's barber, who found out that his royal master had the ears of an ass beneath his hyacinthine curls. So the barber, in default of a Mr. Wynne, went to the reeds that grew on the shores of a neighbouring lake, and whispered to them, 'King Midas has the ears of an ass.' But he repeated it so often that the reeds learnt the words, and kept on saying them all the day long, till at the last the secret was no secret at all. If you keep on telling your tale to Mr. Wynne, are you sure he won't repeat it in his turn?"

"If I pledge my word as a gentleman, sir, I pledge it for Mr. Wynne as well."

"I suppose I must run the risk. But remember how soon a young girl's name may be breathed upon, and sullied. Molly has no mother, and for that very reason she ought to move among you all, as unharmed as Una herself."

"Mr. Gibson, if you wish it, I'll swear it on the Bible," cried the excitable young man.

"Nonsense. As if your word, if it's worth anything, was not enough! We'll shake hands upon it, if you like."

Mr. Coxe came forward eagerly, and almost squeezed Mr. Gibson's ring into his finger.

As he was leaving the room, he said, a

little uneasily, "May I give Bethia a crown-piece?"

"No, indeed! Leave Bethia to me. I hope you won't say another word to her while she is here. I shall see that she gets a respectable place when she goes away."

Then Mr. Gibson rang for his horse, and went out on the last visits of the day. He used to reckon that he rode the world around in the course of the year. There were not many surgeons in the county who had so wide a range of practice as he; he went to lonely cottages on the borders of great commons; to farm-houses at the end of narrow, country lanes that led to nowhere else, and were overshadowed by the elms and beeches overhead. He attended all the gentry within a circle of fifteen miles round Hollingsford; and was the appointed doctor to the still greater families who went up to London every February—as the fashion then was—and returned to their acres in the early weeks of July. He was, of necessity, a great deal from home, and on this soft and pleasant summer evening he felt the absence as a great evil. He was startled into discovering that his little one was growing fast into a woman, and already the passive object of some of the strong interests that affect a woman's life; and he—her mother as well as her father—so much away that he could not guard her as he would have wished. The end of his cogitations was that ride to Hamley the next morning, when he proposed to allow his daughter to accept Mrs. Hamley's last invitation—an invitation that had been declined at the time.

"You may quote against me the proverb, 'He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay.' And I shall have no reason to complain," he had said.

But Mrs. Hamley was only too much charmed with the prospect of having a young girl for a visitor; one whom it would not be a trouble to entertain; who might be sent out to ramble in the gardens, or told to read when the invalid was too much fatigued for conversation; and yet one whose youth and freshness would bring a charm, like a waft of sweet summer air, into her lonely shut-up life. Nothing could be pleasanter, and so Molly's visit to Hamley was easily settled.

"I only wish Osborne and Roger had been at home," said Mrs. Hamley, in her slow soft voice. "She may find it dull being with old people, like the squire and me, from morning till night. When can she

come? the darling—I am beginning to love her already!"

Mr. Gibson was very glad in his heart that the young men of the house were out of the way; he did not want his little Molly to be passing from Scylla to Charybdis; and, as he afterwards scoffed at himself for thinking, he had got an idea that all young men were wolves in chase of his one ewe-lamb.

"She knows nothing of the pleasure in store for her," he replied; "and I am sure I don't know what feminine preparations she may think necessary, or how long they may take. You'll remember she is a little ignoramus, and has had no . . . no training in etiquette; our ways at home are rather rough for a girl, I'm afraid. But I know I could not send her into a kinder atmosphere than this."

When the squire heard from his wife of Mr. Gibson's proposal, he was as much pleased as she at the prospect of their youthful visitor; for he was a man of a hearty hospitality, when his pride did not interfere with its gratification; and he was delighted to think of his sick wife's having such an agreeable companion in her hours of loneliness. After a while he said,— "It's as well the lads are at Cambridge; we might have been having a love-affair if they had been at home."

"Well—and if we had?" asked his more romantic wife.

"It would not have done," said the squire, decidedly. "Osborne will have had a first-rate education—as good as any man in the county—he'll have this property, and he's a Hamley of Hamley; not a family in the shire is as old as we are, or settled on their ground so well. Osborne may marry when he likes. If Lord Hollingsford had a daughter, Osborne would have been as good a match as she could have required. It would never do for him to fall in love with Gibson's daughter—I should not allow it. So it's as well he's out of the way."

"Well! perhaps Osborne had better look higher."

"Perhaps! I say he must." The squire brought his hand down with a thump on the table near him, which made his wife's heart beat hard for some minutes. "And as for Roger," he continued, unconscious of the flutter he had put her into, "he'll have to make his own way, and earn his own bread; and, I'm afraid, he's not getting on very brilliantly at Cambridge. He must not think of falling in love for these ten years."

"Unless he marries a fortune," said Mrs.

Hamley, more by way of concealing her palpitation than anything else; for she was unworldly and romantic to a fault.

"No son of mine shall ever marry a wife who is richer than himself, with my good will," said the squire again, with emphasis, but without a thump.

"I don't say but what if Roger is gaining five hundred a year by the time he's thirty, he shall not choose a wife with ten thousand pounds down; but I do say, if a boy of mine, with only two hundred a year—which is all Roger will have from us, and that not for a long time—goes and marries a woman with fifty thousand to her portion, I will disown him—it would be just disgusting."

"Not if they loved each other, and their whole happiness depended upon their marrying each other," put in Mrs. Hamley, mildly.

"Pooh! away with love! Nay, my dear, we loved each other so dearly we should never have been happy with any one else; but that's a different thing. People are not like they were when we were young. All the love now-a-days is just silly fancy and sentimental romance, as far as I can see."

Mr. Gibson thought that he had settled everything about Molly's going to Hamley before he spoke to her about it, which he did not do until the morning of the day on which Mrs. Hamley expected her. Then he said,—*"By the way, Molly! you are to go to Hamley this afternoon; Mrs. Hamley wants you to go to her for a week or two, and it suits me capitally that you should accept her invitation just now."*

"Go to Hamley! This afternoon! Papa, you've got some odd reasons at the back of your head—some mystery, or something. Please, tell me what it is. Go to Hamley for a week or two! Why, I never was from home before this without you in all my life."

"Perhaps not. I don't think you ever walked before you put your feet to the ground. Everything must have a beginning."

"It has something to do with that letter that was directed to me, but that you took out of my hands before I could even see the writing of the direction." She fixed her gray eyes on her father's face, as if she meant to pluck out his secret.

He only smiled and said,—*"You're a witch, goosey!"*

"Then it had! But if it was a note from Mrs. Hamley, why might I not see it? I have been wondering if you had some plan in your head ever since that day—

Thursday, was not it? You've gone about in a kind of thoughtful perplexed way, just like a conspirator. Tell me, papa"—coming up at the time, and putting on a beseeching manner—"why might not I see that note? and why am I to go to Hamley all on a sudden?"

"Don't you like to go? Would you rather not?" If she had said that she did not want to go he would have been rather pleased than otherwise, although it would have put him into a great perplexity; but he was beginning to dread the parting from her even for so short a time. However, she replied directly,—

"I don't know—I dare say I shall like it when I have thought a little more about it. Just now I am so startled by the suddenness of the affair, I have not considered whether I shall like it or not. I shan't like going away from you, I know. Why am I to go, papa?"

"There are three old ladies sitting somewhere, and thinking about you just at this very minute; one has a distaff in her hands, and is spinning a thread; she has come to a knot in it, and is puzzled what to do with it. Her sister has a great pair of scissors in her hands, and wants—as she always does, when any difficulty arises in the smoothness of the thread—to cut it off short; but the third, who has the most head of the three, plans how to undo the knot; and she it is who has decided that you are to go to Hamley. The others are quite convinced by her arguments; so, as the Fates have decreed that this visit is to be paid, there is nothing left for you and me but to submit."

"That is all nonsense, papa, and you are only making me more curious to find out this hidden reason."

Mr. Gibson changed his tone, and spoke gravely now. *"There is a reason, Molly, and one which I do not wish to give. When I tell you this much, I expect you to be an honourable girl, and to try and not even conjecture what the reason may be,—much less endeavour to put little discoveries together till very likely you may find out what I want to conceal."*

"Papa, I won't even think about your reason again. But then I shall have to plague you with another question. I have had no new gown this year, and I have outgrown all my last summer frocks. I have only three that I can wear at all. Betty was saying only yesterday that I ought to have some more."

"That will do that you have got on, won't it? It is a very pretty colour."

"Yes; but, papa" (holding it out as if

she was going to dance), "it's made of woollen, and so hot and heavy; and every day it will be getting warmer."

"I wish girls could dress like boys," said Mr. Gibson, with a little impatience. "How is a man to know when his daughter wants clothes? and how is he to rig her out when he finds it out, just when she needs them most and has not got them?"

"Ah, that's the question!" said Molly, in some despair.

"Can't you go to Miss Rose's? Does not she keep ready-made frocks for girls of your age?"

"Miss Rose! I never had anything from her in my life," replied Molly, in some surprise; for Miss Rose was the great dress-maker and milliner of the little town, and hitherto Betty had made the girl's frocks.

"Well, but it seems people consider you as a young woman now, and so I suppose you must run up milliners' bills like the rest of your kind. Not that you are to get anything anywhere that you can't pay for down in ready money. Here's a ten-pound note; go to Miss Rose's, or Miss anybody's, and get what you want at once. The Hamley carriage is to come for you at two, and anything that is not quite ready can easily be sent by their cart on Saturday, when some of their people always come to market. Nay, don't thank me! I don't want to have the money spent, and I don't want you to go and leave me: I shall miss you, I know; it's only hard necessity that drives me to send you a-visiting, and to throw away ten pounds on your clothes. There, go away; you're a plague, and I mean to leave off loving you as fast as I can."

"Papa!" holding up her finger as in warning, "you are getting mysterious again; and though my honourableness is very strong, I won't promise that it shall not yield to my curiosity if you go on hinting at untold secrets."

"Go away and spend your ten pounds. What did I give it you for but to keep you quiet?"

Miss Rose's ready-made resources and Molly's taste combined, did not arrive at a very great success. She bought a lilac print, because it would wash, and would be cool and pleasant for the mornings; and this Betty could make at home before Saturday. And for high-days and holidays—by which was understood afternoons and Sundays—Miss Rose persuaded her to order a gay-coloured, flimsy plaid silk, which she assured her was quite the latest fashion in London, and which Molly thought would please her father's Scotch blood. But when

he saw the scrap which she had brought home as a pattern, he cried out that the plaid belonged to no clan in existence, and that Molly ought to have known this by instinct. It was too late to change it, however, for Miss Rose had promised to cut the dress out as soon as Molly had left her shop.

Mr. Gibson had hung about the town all the morning, instead of going away on his usual distant rides. He passed his daughter once or twice in the street, but he did not cross over the way when he was on the opposite side—only gave her a look or a nod, and went on his way, scolding himself for his weakness in feeling so much pain at the thought of her absence for a fortnight or so.

"And, after all," thought he, "I am only where I was when she comes back; at least, if that foolish fellow goes on with his imagining fancy. She'll have to come back some time, and if he chooses to imagine himself constant, there's still the devil to pay." Presently he began to hum the air out of the "Beggar's Opera"—

I wonder any man alive
Should ever rear a daughter.

CHAPTER VI.

A VISIT TO THE HAMLEYS.

OF course the news of Miss Gibson's approaching departure had spread through the household before the one o'clock dinner-time came; and Mr. Cox's dismal countenance was a source of much inward irritation to Mr. Gibson, who kept giving the youth sharp glances of savage reproof for his melancholy face, and the want of appetite; which he trotted out, with a good deal of sad ostentation; all of which was lost upon Molly, who was too full of her own personal concerns to have any thought or observation to spare from them, excepting once or twice when she thought of the many days that must pass over before she should again sit down to dinner with her father.

When she named this to him after the meal was over, and they were sitting together in the drawing-room, waiting for the sound of the wheels of the Hamley carriage, he laughed, and said,—

"I'm coming over to-morrow to see Mrs. Hamley; and I dare say I shall dine at their lunch; so you won't have to wait long before you've the treat of seeing the wild beast feed."

Then they heard the approaching carriage.

"Oh, papa," said Molly, catching at his hand, "I do so wish I was not going, now that the time is come."

"Nonsense; don't let us have any sentiment. Have you got your keys? that's more to the purpose."

Yes; she had got her keys, and her purse; and her little box was put up on the seat by the coachman; and her father handed her in; the door was shut, and she drove away in solitary grandeur, looking back and kissing her hand to her father, who stood at the gate, in spite of his dislike of sentiment, as long as the carriage could be seen. Then he turned into the surgery, and found Mr. Coxie had had his watching too, and had, indeed, remained at the window gazing, moonstruck, at the empty road, up which the young lady had disappeared. Mr. Gibson startled him from his reverie by a sharp, almost venomous, speech about some small neglect of duty a day or two before. That night Mr. Gibson insisted on passing by the bedside of a poor girl whose parents were worn-out by many wakeful anxious nights succeeding to hard working days.

Molly cried a little, but checked her tears as soon as she remembered how annoyed her father would have been at the sight of them. It was very pleasant driving quickly along in the luxurious carriage, through the pretty green lanes, with dog-roses and honeysuckles so plentiful and fresh in the hedges, that she once or twice was tempted to ask the coachman to stop till she had gathered a nosegay. She began to dread the end of her little journey of seven miles; the only drawback to which was, that her silk was not a true clan-tartan, and a little uncertainty as to Miss Rose's punctuality. At length they came to a village; straggling cottages lined the road, an old church stood on a kind of green, with the public-house close by it; there was a great tree, with a bench all round the trunk, midway between the church gates and the little inn. The wooden stocks were close to the gates. Molly had long passed the limit of her rides, but she knew this must be the village of Hamley, and they must be very near to the hall.

They swung in at the gates of the park in a few minutes, and drove up through meadow-grass, ripening for hay,—it was no grand aristocratic deer-park this,—to the old red-brick hall; not three hundred yards from the high-road. There had been no footman sent with the carriage, but a respectable servant stood at the door, even before they drew up, ready to receive the

expected visitor, and take her into the drawing-room where his mistress lay awaiting her.

Mrs. Hamley rose from her sofa to give Molly a gentle welcome; she kept the girl's hand in hers after she had finished speaking, looking into her face as if studying it, and unconscious of the faint blush she called up on the otherwise colourless cheeks.

"I think we shall be great friends," said she, at length. "I like your face, and I am always guided by first impressions. Give me a kiss, my dear."

It was far easier to be active than passive during this process of "swearing eternal friendship," and Molly willingly kissed the sweet pale face held up to her.

"I meant to have gone and fetched you myself; but the heat oppresses me, and I did not feel up to the exertion. I hope you had a pleasant drive?"

"Very," said Molly, with shy conciseness.

"And now I will take you to your room; I have had you put close to me; I thought you would like it better, even though it was a smaller room than the other."

She rose languidly, and wrapping her light shawl round her yet elegant figure, led the way up stairs. Molly's bedroom opened out of Mrs. Hamley's private sitting-room; on the other side of which was her own bedroom. She showed Molly this easy means of communication, and then, telling her visitor she would await her in the sitting-room, she closed the door, and Molly was left at leisure to make acquaintance with her surroundings.

First of all, she went to the window to see what was to be seen. A flower-garden right below; a meadow of ripe grass just beyond, changing colour in long sweeps, as the soft wind blew over it; great old forest-trees a little on one side; and, beyond them again, to be seen only by standing very close to the side of the window-sill, or by putting her head out, if the window was open, the silver shimmer of a mere, about a quarter of a mile off. On the opposite side to the trees and the mere, the look-out was bounded by the old walls and high-peaked roofs of the extensive farm-buildings. The deliciousness of the early summer silence was only broken by the song of the birds, and the nearer hum of bees. Listening to these sounds, which enhanced the exquisite sense of stillness, and puzzling out objects obscured by distance or shadow, Molly forgot herself, and was suddenly startled into a sense of the present by a sound of voices in the next room—some servant or other

speaking to Mrs. Hamley. Molly hurried to unpack her box, and arrange her few clothes in the pretty old-fashioned chest of drawers, which was to serve her as dressing-table as well. All the furniture in the room was as old-fashioned and as well-preserved as it could be. The chintz curtains were Indian calico of the last century—the colours almost washed out, but the stuff itself exquisitely clean. There was a little strip of bedside carpeting, but the wooden flooring, thus liberally displayed, was of finely-grained oak, so firmly joined, plank to plank, that no grain of dust could make its way into the interstices. There were none of the luxuries of modern days; no writing-table, or sofa, or pier-glass. In one corner of the walls was a bracket, holding an Indian jar filled with pot-pourri; and that and the climbing honeysuckle outside the open window scented the room more exquisitely than any toilette perfumes. Molly laid out her white gown (of last year's date and size) upon the bed, ready for the (to her new) operation of dressing for dinner, and having arranged her hair and dress, and taken out her company worsted-work, she opened the door softly, and saw Mrs. Hamley lying on the sofa.

"Shall we stay up here, my dear? I think it is pleasanter than down below; and then I shall not have to come up-stairs again at dressing-time."

"I shall like it very much," replied Molly.

"Ah! you've got your sewing, like a good girl," said Mrs. Hamley. "Now, I don't sew much. I live alone a great deal. You see, both my boys are at Cambridge, and the squire is out of doors all day long—so I have almost forgotten how to sew. I read a great deal. Do you like reading?"

"It depends upon the kind of book," said Molly. "I'm afraid I don't like 'steady reading,' as papa calls it."

"But you like poetry!" said Mrs. Hamley, almost interrupting Molly. "I was sure you did, from your face. Have you read this last poem of Mrs. Hemans? Shall I read it aloud to you?"

So she began. Molly was not so much absorbed in listening but that she could glance round the room. The character of the furniture was much the same as in her own. Old-fashioned, of handsome material, and faultlessly clean; the age and the foreign appearance of it gave an aspect of comfort and picturesqueness to the whole apartment. On the walls there hung some crayon sketches—portraits. She thought she could make out that one of them was a likeness of Mrs. Hamley, in her beautiful

youth. And then she became interested in the poem, and dropped her work, and listened in a manner that was after Mrs. Hamley's own heart. When the reading of the poem was ended, Mrs. Hamley replied to some of Molly's words of admiration, by saying,

"Ah! I think I must read you some of Osborne's poetry some day; under seal of secrecy, remember; but I really fancy they are almost as good as Mrs. Hemans'."

To be nearly as good as Mrs. Hemans' was saying as much to the young ladies of that day, as saying that poetry is nearly as good as Tennyson's would be in this. Molly looked up with eager interest.

"Mr. Osborne Hamley? Does your son write poetry?"

"Yes. I really think I may say he is a poet. He is a very brilliant, clever young man, and he quite hopes to get a fellowship at Trinity. He says he is sure to be high up among the wranglers, and that he expects to get one of the Chancellor's medals. That is his likeness—the one hanging against the wall behind you."

Molly turned round, and saw one of the crayon sketches—representing two boys, in the most youthful kind of jackets and trousers, and falling collars. The elder was sitting down, reading intently. The younger was standing by him, and evidently trying to call the attention of the reader off to some object out of doors—out of the window of the very room in which they were sitting, as Molly discovered when she began to recognize the articles of furniture faintly indicated in the picture.

"I like their faces!" said Molly. "I suppose it is so long ago now, that I may speak of their likenesses to you as if they were somebody else; may I not?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Hamley, as soon as she understood what Molly meant. "Tell me just what you think of them, my dear; it will amuse me to compare your impressions with what they really are."

"Oh! but I did not mean to guess at their characters. I could not do it; and it would be impertinent, if I could. I can only speak about their faces as I see them in the picture."

"Well! tell what you think of them!"

"The eldest—the reading boy—is very beautiful; but I can't quite make out his face yet, because his head is down, and I can't see the eyes. That is the Mr. Osborne Hamley who writes poetry."

"Yes. He is not quite so handsome now; but he was a beautiful boy. Roger was never to be compared with him."

"No; he is not handsome. And yet I like his face. I can see his eyes. They are grave and solemn-looking; but all the rest of his face is rather merry than otherwise. It looks too steady and sober, too good a face, to go tempting his brother to leave his lesson."

"Ah! but it was not a lesson. I remember the painter, Mr. Green, once saw Osborne reading some poetry, while Roger was trying to persuade him to come out and have a ride in the hay-cart — that was the 'motive' of the picture, to speak artistically. Roger is not much of a reader; at least, he doesn't care for poetry, and books of romance, or sentiment. He is so fond of natural history; and that takes him, like the squire, a great deal out of doors; and when he is in he is always reading scientific books that bear upon his pursuits. He is a good, steady fellow, though, and gives us great satisfaction, but he is not likely to have such a brilliant career as Osborne."

Molly tried to find out in the picture the characteristics of the two boys, as they were now explained to her by their mother; and in questions and answers about the various drawings hung round the room the time passed away until the dressing-bell for the six o'clock dinner.

Molly was rather dismayed by the offers of the maid whom Mrs. Hamley had sent to assist her. "I am afraid they expect me to be very smart," she kept thinking to herself. "If they do, they'll be disappointed; that's all. But I wish my plaid silk gown had been ready."

She looked at herself in the glass with some anxiety, for the first time in her life. She saw a slight, lean figure, promising to be tall; a complexion browner than cream-coloured, although in a year or two it might have that tint; plentiful curly black hair, tied up in a bunch behind with a rose-coloured ribbon; long, almond-shaped, soft gray eyes, shaded both above and below by curling black eye-lashes.

"I don't think I am pretty," thought Molly, as she turned away from the glass; "and yet I am not sure." She would have been sure, if, instead of inspecting herself with such solemnity, she had smiled her own sweet merry smile, and called out the gleam of her teeth, and charm of her dimples.

She found her way down-stairs into the drawing-room in good time; she could look about her, and learn how to feel at home in her new quarters. The room was forty feet long or so, fitted up with yellow satin at some distant period; high spindle-legged chairs and pembroke-tables abounded. The

carpet was of the same date as the curtains, and was thread-bare in many places; and in others was covered with druggel. Stands of plants, great jars of flowers, old Indian china and cabinets gave the room the pleasant aspect it certainly had. And to add to it, there were five high, long windows on one side of the room, all opening to the prettiest bit of flower-garden in the grounds — or what was considered as such — brilliant-coloured, geometrically-shaped beds, converging to a sun dial in the midst. The squire came in abruptly, and in his morning dress; he stood at the door, as if surprised at the white-robed stranger in possession of his hearth. Then, suddenly remembering himself, but not before Molly had begun to feel very hot, he said —

"Why, God bless my soul, I'd quite forgotten you; you're Miss Gibson, Gibson's daughter, aren't you? Come to pay us a visit? I'm sure I'm very glad to see you, my dear."

By this time, they had met in the middle of the room, and he was shaking Molly's hand with vehement friendliness, intended to make up for his not knowing her at first.

"I must go and dress, though," said he, looking at his soiled gaiters. "Madam likes it. It's one of her fine London ways, and she's broken me into it at last. Very good plan, though, and quite right to make oneself fit for ladies' society. Does your father dress for dinner, Miss Gibson?" He did not stay to wait for her answer, but hastened away to perform his toilette.

They dined at a small table in a great large room. There were so few articles of furniture in it, and the apartment itself was so vast, that Molly longed for the snugness of the home dining-room; nay, it is to be feared that, before the stately dinner at Hamley Hall came to an end, she even regretted the crowded chairs and tables, the hurry of eating, the quick unformal manner in which every body seemed to finish their meal as fast as possible, and to return to the work they had left. She tried to think that at six o'clock all the business of the day was ended, and that people might linger if they chose. She measured the distance from the sideboard to the table with her eye, and made allowances for the men who had to carry things backwards and forwards; but, all the same, this dinner appeared to her a wearisome business, prolonged because the squire liked it, for Mrs. Hamley seemed tired out. She ate even less than Molly, and sent for fan and smelling-bottle to amuse herself with, until at length the table-cloth was cleared away,

and the dessert was put upon a mahogany table polished like a looking-glass.

The squire had hitherto been too busy to talk, except about the immediate concerns of the table, and one or two of the greatest breaks to the usual monotony of his days,—a monotony in which he delighted, but which sometimes became oppressive to his wife. Now, however, peeling his orange, he turned to Molly—

"To-morrow, you'll have to do this for me, Miss Gibson."

"Shall I? I'll do it to-day if you like, sir."

"No: to-day I shall treat you as a visitor, with all proper ceremony. To-morrow I shall send you errands, and call you by your Christian name."

"I shall like that," said Molly.

"I was wanting to call you something less formal than Miss Gibson," said Mrs. Hamley.

"My name is Molly. It is an old-fashioned name, and I was christened Mary. But papa likes Molly."

"That's right. Keep to the good old fashions, my dear."

"Well, I must say I think Mary is prettier than Molly, and quite as old a name too," said Mrs. Hamley.

"I think it was," said Molly, lowering her voice, and dropping her eyes, "because mamma was Mary; and I was called Molly while she lived."

"Ah, poor thing!" said the squire, not perceiving his wife's signs to change the subject, "I remember how sorry every one was when she died; no one thought she was delicate, she had such a fresh colour, till all at once she popped off, as one may say."

"It must have been a terrible blow to your father," said Mrs. Hamley, seeing that Molly did not know what to answer.

"Ay, ay. It came so sudden, so soon after they were married."

"I thought it was nearly four years," said Molly.

"And four years is soon—is a short time to a couple who look to spending their lifetime together. Every one thought Gibson would have married again."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Hamley, seeing in Molly's eyes and change of colour how completely this was a new idea to her. But the squire was not so easily stopped.

"Well—I'd perhaps better not have said it, but it's the truth: they did. He's not likely to marry now, so one may say it out. Why, your father is past forty, isn't he?"

"Forty-three. I don't believe he ever

thought of marrying again," said Molly, recurring to the idea, as one does to that of danger which has passed by without one's being aware of it.

"No! I don't believe he did, my dear. He looks to me just like a man who would be constant to the memory of his wife. You must not mind what the squire says."

"Ah! you'd better go away if you're going to teach Miss Gibson such treason as that against the master of the house."

Molly went into the drawing-room with Mrs. Hamley, but her thoughts did not change with the room. She could not help dwelling on the danger which she fancied she had escaped, and was astonished at her own stupidity at never having imagined such a possibility as her father's second marriage. She felt that she was answering Mrs. Hamley's remarks in a very unsatisfactory manner.

"There is papa, with the squire!" she suddenly exclaimed. There they were coming across the flower-garden from the stable-yard, her father switching his boots with his riding-whip, in order to make them presentable in Mrs. Hamley's drawing-room. He looked so exactly like his usual self, his home-self, that the seeing him in the flesh was the most efficacious way of dispelling the phantom fears of a second wedding, which were beginning to harass his daughter's mind; and the pleasant conviction that he could not rest till he had come over to see how she was going on in her new home, stole into her heart, although he spoke but little to her, and that little was all in a joking tone. After he had gone away, the squire undertook to teach her cribbage, and she was happy enough now to give him all her attention. He kept on prattling while they played; sometimes in relation to the cards; at others telling her of small occurrences which he thought might interest her.

"So you don't know my boys, even by sight. I should have thought you would have done, for they are fond enough of riding into Hollingford; and I know Roger has often enough been to borrow books from your father. Roger is a scientific sort of fellow. Osborne is clever, like his mother. I should not wonder if he published a book some day. You're not counting right, Miss Gibson. Why, I could cheat you as easily as possible." And so on, till the butler came in with a solemn look, placed a large prayer-book before his master, who huddled the cards away in a hurry, as if caught in an incongruous employment; and then the maids and men trooped in to prayers—the windows were still open, and

the sounds of the solitary cornercrake, and the owl hooting in the trees, mingling with the words spoken. Then to bed; and so ended day.

Molly looked out of her chamber window—leaning on the sill, and snuffing up the night odors of the honeysuckle. The soft velvet darkness hid everything that was at any distance from her; although she was as conscious of their presence as if she had seen them.

"I think I shall be very happy here," was in Molly's thoughts, as she turned away at length, and began to prepare for bed. Before long the squire's words, relating to her father's second marriage, came across her, and spoil the sweet peace of her final thoughts. "Who could he have married?" she asked herself. "Miss Eyre? Miss Browning? Miss Phoebe? Miss Goode-nough?" One by one, each of these was rejected for sufficient reasons. Yet the unsatisfied question rankled in her mind, and darted out of ambush to disturb her dreams.

Mrs. Hamley did not come down to breakfast; and Molly found out, with a little dismay, that the squire and she were to have it *tête-à-tête*. On this first morning he put aside his newspapers—one an old established Tory journal, with all the local and country news, which was the most interesting to him; the other the *Morning Chronicle*, which he called his dose of bitters, and which called out many a strong expression and tolerably pungent oath. To-day, however, he was "on his manners," as he afterwards explained to Molly; and he plunged about, trying to find ground for a conversation. He could talk of his wife and his sons, his estate, and his mode of farming; his tenants, and the mismanagement of the last county election. Molly's interests were her father, Miss Eyre, her garden and pony; in a fainter degree Miss Brownings, the Cumnor Charity School, and the new gown that was to come from Miss Rose's; into the midst of which the one great question, "Who was it that people thought it was possible papa might marry?" kept popping up into her mouth, like a troublesome Jack-in-the-box. For the present, however, the lid was snapped down upon the intruder as often as he showed his head between her teeth. They were very polite to each other during the meal; and it was not a little tiresome to both. When it was ended, the squire withdrew into his study to read the untasted newspapers. It was the custom to call the room in which Squire Hamley kept his coats, boots, and gaiters, his different sticks and favorite spud, his gun and

fishing-rods, the study. There was a bureau in it, and a three-cornered arm-chair; but no books were visible. The greater part of them were kept in a large, musty-smelling room, in an unfrequented part of the house; so unfrequented that the housemaid often neglected to open the window-shutters, which looked into a part of the grounds over-grown with the luxuriant growth of shrubs. Indeed, it was a tradition in the servants' hall that, in the late squire's time—he who had been plucked at college—the library windows had been boarded up to avoid paying the window-tax. And, when the "young gentlemen" were at home, the housemaid, without a single direction to that effect, was regular in her charge of this room; opened the windows and lighted fires daily, and dusted the handsomely-bound volumes, which were really a very fair collection of the standard literature in the middle of the last century. All the books that had been purchased since that time were held in small book-cases between each two of the drawing-room windows, and in Mrs. Hamley's own sitting-room upstairs. Those in the drawing-room were quite enough to employ Molly; indeed she was so deep in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels that she jumped as if she had been shot, when an hour or so after breakfast the squire came to the gravel-path outside one of the windows, and called to ask her if she would like to come out of doors and go about the garden and home-fields with him.

"It must be a little dull for you, my girl, all by yourself, with nothing but books to look at, in the mornings here; but you see, madam has a fancy for being quiet in the mornings: she told your father about it, and so did I, but I felt sorry for you all the same, when I saw you sitting on the ground all alone in the drawing-room."

Molly had been in the very middle of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and would gladly have stayed in-doors to finish it, but she felt the squire's kindness all the same. They went in and out of old-fashioned green-houses, over trim lawns, the squire unlocked the great walled kitchen-garden, and went about giving directions to gardeners; and all the time Molly followed him like a little dog, her mind quite full of "Ravenswood" and "Lucy Ashton." Presently, every place near the house had been inspected and regulated, and the squire was more at liberty to give his attention to his companion, as they passed through the little wood that separated the gardens from the adjoining fields. Molly, too, plucked away her

thoughts from the seventeenth century; and, somehow or other, that question, which had so haunted her before, came out of her lips before she was aware — a literal impromptu, —

"Who did people think papa would marry? That time — long ago — soon after mamma died?"

She dropped her voice very soft and low, as she spoke the last words. The squire turned round upon her, and looked at her face, he knew not why. It was very grave, a little pale; but her steady eyes almost commanded some kind of answer.

"Whew," said he, whistling to gain time; not that he had any thing definite to say, for no one had ever had any reason to join Mr. Gibson's name with any known lady: it was only a loose conjecture that had been hazarded on the probabilities — a young widower, with a little girl.

"I never heard of any one — his name was never coupled with any lady's — 'twas only in the nature of things that he should marry again; he may do it yet, for aught I know, and I don't think it would be a bad move either. I told him so, the last time but one he was here."

"And what did he say?" asked breathlessly Molly.

"Oh, he only smiled, and said nothing. You shouldn't take up words so seriously, my dear. Very likely he may never think of marrying again, and, if he did, it would be a very good thing both for him and for you!"

Molly muttered something, as if to herself, but the squire might have heard it if he had chosen. As it was, he wisely turned the current of the conversation.

"Look at that!" he said, as they suddenly came upon the mere, or large pond. There was a small island in the middle of the glassy water, on which grew tall trees, dark Scotch firs in the centre, silvery shimmering willows close to the water's edge.

"We must get you punted over there, some of these days. I'm not fond of using the boat at this time of the year, because the young birds are still in the nests among the reeds and water-plants; but we'll go. There are coots and grebes."

"Oh, look, there's a swan!"

"Yes; there are two pair of them here.

And in those trees there is both a rookery and a heronry; the herons ought to be here by now, for they're off to the sea in August, but I have not seen one yet. Stay! is not that one — that fellow on a stone, with his long neck bent down, looking down into the water?"

"Yes: I think so. I have never seen a heron, only pictures of them."

"They and the rooks are always at war, which does not do for such near neighbors. If both herons leave the nest they are building, the rooks come and tear it to pieces; and once Roger showed me a long straggling fellow of a heron, with a flight of rooks after him, with no friendly purpose in their minds, I'll be bound. Roger knows a deal of natural history, and finds out queer things sometimes. He would have been off a dozen times during this walk of ours, if he had been here; his eyes are always wandering about, and see twenty things where I only see one. Why! I have known him bolt into a copse because he saw something fifteen yards off — some plant, may be, which he would tell me was very rare, though I should say I'd seen its marrow at every turn in the woods; and, if we came upon such a thing as this," touching a delicate film of a cobweb upon a leaf with his stick, as he spoke, "why, he could tell you what insect or spider made it, and if it lived in rotten fir-wood, or in a cranny of good sound timber, or deep down in the ground, or up in the sky, or anywhere. It is a pity they don't take honours in Natural History at Cambridge. Roger would be safe enough if they did."

"Mr. Osborne Hamley is very clever, is he not?" Molly asked timidly.

"Oh, yes! Osborne's a bit of a genius. His mother looks for great things from Osborne. I'm rather proud of him myself. He'll get a Trinity fellowship if they play him fair. As I was saying at the magistrate's meeting yesterday, 'I've got a son who will make a noise at Cambridge, or I'm very much mistaken.' Now, is it not a queer quip of Nature," continued the squire, turning his honest face towards Molly, as if he was going to impart a new idea to her, "that I a Hamley of Hamley, straight in descent from nobody knows where — Heptarchy, they say — What's the date of the Heptarchy?"

"I don't know," said Molly, startled at being thus appealed to.

"Well! it was some time before King Alfred, because he was the King of all England, you know; but as I was saying, here am I, of as good and as old a descent as any man in England, and I doubt if a stranger to look at me, would take me for a gentleman, with my red face, great hands and feet, and thick figure fourteen stone, and never less than twelve, even when I was a young man; and there's Osborne, who takes after his mother, who could not tell her

great-grandfather from Adam, bless her; and Osborne has a girl's delicate face, and a slight make, and hands and feet as small as a lady's. He takes after madam's side, who as I said, can't tell who was her grandfather. Now, Roger is like me, a Hamley of Hamley, and no one who sees him in the street will ever think that red-brown, big-boned, clumsy chap is of gentle blood. Yet all those Cumnor people, you make such ado of in Hollingford, are mere muck of yesterday. I was talking to madam the other day about Osborne's marrying a daughter of Lord Hollingford's—that's to say, if he had a daughter—he's only got boys, as it happens; but I'm not sure if I should consent to it. I really am not sure; for you see Osborne will have had a first-rate education, and his family dates from the Hep-tarchy, while I should be glad to know where the Cumnor folks were in the time of Queen Anne?" He walked on, pondering the question of whether he could have given his consent to this impossible mar-

riage; and after some time, and when Molly had quite forgotten the subject to which he alluded, he broke out with—"No! I am sure I should have looked higher. So, perhaps, it's as well my Lord Hollingford has only boys."

After a while, he thanked Molly for her companionship, with old-fashioned courtesy; and told her that he thought, by this time, madam would be up and dressed, and glad to have her young visitor with her. He pointed out the deep purple house, with its stone facings, as it was seen at some distance between the trees, and watched her protectingly on her way along the field-paths.

"That's a nice girl of Gibson's" quoth he to himself. "But what a tight hold the wench got of the notion of his marrying again! One had need to be on one's guard as to what one says before her. To think of her never having thought of the chance of a step-mother. To be sure, a step-mother to a girl is a different thing to a second wife to a man!"

HARPER'S Monthly Magazine, published in New York, is, for general interest, unsurpassed by any similar serial issued here. It is not admissible in this country, owing to its containing instalments of Dickens's story, "Our Mutual Friend," and Wilkie Collins's "Armada;" but occasionally a few pages are transmitted in letters to this country, and from one of these scraps, a "contents' table," we gather that the April number has the following articles:—"A Dog's Day Ended; Where the Wateree Was; Love at Sea; The Petroleum Region of America; Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men; Miss Milligan's Sermon; Thieves' Jargon; Pleasant Valley and Deacon Marvin; Wall Street in War Time; Mr. Furbush; Recollections of Sherman; A sermon to Servants; Hearts and Trees; Monthly Record of Current Events; Editor's Easy Chair;" and a gathering of the jokes and anecdotes of the month under the title of the "Editor's Drawer." Our magazines think it no small matter to give three or four pictures—those of that dreadful scratchy kind—depicting thin young ladies in long dresses, looking gloomily across a table at tall

consumptive young gentlemen in dress-coats, and with hair-dressers' pattern-beards; but "Harper" has some fifty or sixty natural and healthy illustrations, views of foreign places, manufactory interiors, well-executed portraits of eminent men, sketches illustrative of travels amongst distant nations, &c.—pictures that teach both old and young something, and that leave the province of the imaginative—as we wish many of our serial illustrators would leave it—to the poet. Another scrap from the same magazine—apparently from an article on General Sherman—presents us with this anecdote of the successful but slovenly Federal commander:—He once took great offence at having his manners, and particularly his habit of gruffness, compared to the manners of a Pawnee Indian, and expressed his contempt for the author of the slur in a public manner. He was much chagrined shortly after to find that the correspondent who had been guilty of the offensive comparison had heard of his contemptuous criticism, and had amended it by publicly apologizing to the whole race of Pawnees!—*London Review*.

From the Saturday Review.

THE ALPS OF ENGLAND.

In the spring a mountaineer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the Alps. He knows that his old playground is being swept clear of snow, and getting into good order for the summer. Unluckily, the sacred places of the Alps are in too dangerous a condition to be visited as yet, even by those who have the leisure and the desire. It is prudent not to trifle with rocks still smothered in snow and guarded by the artillery of avalanches. Some vent, however, may be found for this consuming passion amongst the hills which supply the place of Alps to great Britain. Perhaps our best imitation of the backbone of Europe is to be found in the English Lakes. In some respects, we must confess that even the best is bad. Mr. Ruskin has taken some trouble to show that, even in the Alps themselves, there are few mountains which justly deserve the title of peaks. As a rule, he maintains that Alpine summits are mere impostors, putting on a delusive conical aspect by mean tricks of perspective. They cheat you, he thinks, into taking the end of a gable for an obelisk. Few persons, however, who have climbed the higher Alpine summits will be disposed to deny that they are generally steep enough all round for practical purposes. As a rule, they are accessible at most in only two or three directions; some are only accessible in one; and, in spite of the well-meant efforts of the Alpine Club, some, alas, are accessible in no direction whatever. Of the English Lake district the inverse assertion must be made. There are a few hills which are inaccessible from one, or even from more than one, side; but, speaking generally, you may, taking the top as a centre, follow any radius you please of the circumscribing circle. And this is not the worst. When you are on the top of a mountain, you expect the ground to descend, it may be gently, but still to descend at some angle in every direction. In the English Lake country, however, when you are on the top of a hill, you are usually merely at one point of a gently undulating plateau. The remarkable intelligence of the Ordnance Surveyors has generally discovered the highest point of these undulations, and marked it indelibly by the erection of a cairn of stones. The extreme delicacy of this operation is doubtless one reason for the long delay in the appearance of the map. The hills thus partake less of the character of miniature Alps than of that of huge downs. Their sides are tolerably

steep, but their summits are connected by an elevated ribbon of land winding with labyrinthine convolutions from one peak to another. It seems as if the valleys had been simply scooped out of a lofty table-land, leaving part of the original surface to form the hill-tops and the intervening ridges. When one of the characteristic lake mists comes down, the mountaineer may thus be placed in the perplexing position of absolutely losing his way on the top of a mountain. In Switzerland this would be as difficult as to lose one's way on the top of a church-steeple. The compensating advantage is that every road leads you safely to some valley, and that no valley can be very far from the point sought to be reached. The greatest of Alpine pleasures—that of being in a position which you may fairly represent to yourself and your friends as one of extreme danger, but which is in reality perfectly safe—is thus almost unattainable. There are none of those charming paths where a single false step would launch the unwary traveller into eternity. The guide-books of the district cruelly mock the mountaineer by describing Striden-edge as a perilous ascent, “the ridge being scarcely more than two yards in breadth;” in other words, a couple of mules would have some trouble in passing each other upon it. There are, indeed, certain crags, especially in the neighborhood of Wastdale, where it is possible to get into danger by going out of your way to look for it. The sides of the hill are masked by the mass of *débris* forming the pleasing slopes known locally as Screees. But near the summits, and along the crests of the ridges, a few places may be found where the mountaineer may seek the bubble reputation, even at the precipice's edge. Here are one or two *mauvais pas* of local celebrity. There is the passage by the Mickledore between Scawfell and Scawfell Pikes, where, according to Miss Martineau's guide, some foolhardy persons have crossed “without losing their lives,” and where a man of more than average ingenuity might possibly break his leg. There is the crag described by Wordsworth—

—one particular rock

That rises like a column from the vale,
Whence by our shepherds it is called the Pillar.

The ascent, which may be compared to that of the Riffelhorn, is one of a decent amount of difficulty. It is, however, a striking testimony to the general safety of the district that, when Wordsworth wished to bring

about a fatal accident, he was obliged first to make his hero ascend (apparently half unintentionally, "through weariness, or to indulge the humor of the moment") the one crag in the district which has a reputation for quasi-inaccessibility, then to make him fall asleep on the top, and afterwards walk in his sleep over the edge of the cliff. When sleep-walking is necessary to bring about a fatal accident in a mountain district, it may safely be said that the mountains cannot well be of a very precipitous character. It is true that such accidents do occur, but they are generally owing to other causes. A dalesman, under the influence of whiskey, loses his way every now and then whilst crossing the fells in a snow-storm at night, and may possibly die from exhaustion. A case of a different kind happened not many weeks ago. A gentleman slipped on the face of the Great Gable, which looks towards Kirkfell on the Westdale side, and which was then covered with snow. His stick was found just before Easter, and by its position helped to clear up the nature of the accident. He had apparently been descending the ridge which connects the Great Gable with Kirkfell. He had slipped on the frozen crust of snow, just above a ledge of rocks which runs parallel to the ridge and at a small distance below it. A violent fall over this ledge doubtless either killed him or rendered him insensible at once; his skull had been fractured, apparently by some of the large stones immediately at its foot. He had afterwards slipped, for a considerable distance, over what is now a slope of scree, and was then masked by a continuous sheet of snow. The moral is one which mountaineers will do well to remember in all districts — namely, that no mountain is so easy as not to become more dangerous at times than even peaks of notorious difficulty under favourable circumstances. The well-known guide Bennen was killed a year ago on a mountain which ladies might easily and safely climb in the summer; and even a hill like the Great Gable, which rejoices in only one precipice, and that on the side where the accident did not occur, may become dangerous when transformed into a sheet of slippery ice. Primrose Hill might itself be awkward in a similar condition, and the quietest hills have generally one or two nooks where a fall might possibly be fatal.

The mountaineer in the Lakes can seldom obtain that delicate flavour of danger which renders Alpine walking so delightful; nor can he enjoy his favourite exercise under such stimulating conditions. He may, how-

ever, revive old associations, try his wind and his boots, and enjoy a beauty as like that of the Alps as whiskey and water is to the pure spirit. It is much the same tune, though played in a minor key, and on an instrument of narrower range. The Lakes may be said to be to the Alps what Wordsworth is to Shakspeare. The sentiment which one imbibes from a day's wandering along their ridges is naturally expressed in terms of Wordsworth. No poet ever more completely imbibed the spirit of a particular scenery, to breathe it out again in his verses — which is perhaps the reason, not to speak profanely, why Wordsworth's poetry is sometimes such an intolerable bore to the non-poetic mind. The wanderer, and the Solitary, and the prosy philosophers of the *Excursion* could hardly have been raised anywhere outside the Lake district. When you have been lying on the top of Scawfell, or Hellvellyn, in true Lake weather, not quite fine and not quite foul, the atmosphere changed into a semi-transparent mist, the quiet lakes reflecting nothing but gentle slopes of grass varied by gray banks of scree, you begin to appreciate their probable effect upon a man who should pass his life among them. They are very graceful and very soothing when contrasted with the turmoil of cities, but rather enervating than stimulating to the imagination. A Cockney poet has, in the long run, a better chance than a "Laker." London provides a more powerful as well as a more varied poetical diet than Rydal. But, although the scenery of the Lakes would probably exercise a rather prejudicial influence upon those rare and poetical temperaments which are profoundly affected by natural scenery, they are a delightful playground for the prosaic tourist with limited leave of absence. The fresh mountain air, the open moor, and the steep grass-slopes are good for lungs and legs, even though they cannot profess to rival the glories of the Alps. It must be added, too, that the natives do not, as a rule, seem to have participated, even in the smallest degree, in the sentimental tendencies of their poets. Perhaps they are too tough-skinned to imbibe much, either of good or bad, from natural scenery. Or, possibly, we could not fully enumerate its various effects without taking into account the athletic element represented by Professor Wilson. The Lakes meant to him, not merely Southey's or Wordsworth's poetry, but yachting, wrestling, cock-fighting, and fox-hunting, which formed an excellent corrective to the purely Wordsworthian element. The tourist will be fortunate if his enjoyment of natural beauty

is heightened by a participation in some of those sports. No one probably understands the Alps so well as the enthusiastic chamois-hunter. Unluckily, chamois, if there ever were any, have disappeared as completely as the glaciers. The chase of the fox or the marten, however, supplies its place with very fair success. You have to follow the hounds as well as you can on foot, over hill and valley, sometimes in view, oftener by ear, and most frequently guided by your own or the natives' general knowledge of the manners and customs of the animal. If a marten, he probably takes refuge in some Castle Malepartus, fixed in a jutting crag on the side of the hill. You gradually dislodge him by letting men down with ropes, or smoking him out with lighted bracken. Then ensues a series of desperate races. You try your mountain craft, learnt in the Alps, against sturdy natives in a high state of training. On a crag you may possibly hold your own. Up the steep slopes of slippery turf you are hard put to it. When they clatter with their heavy iron-clad shoes over detestable scree, formed of stones as big as your head, full of sharp corners, and incessantly turning over with an evident desire of spraining your ancles, you are glad if you can even keep your guides in sight. You are still more pleased if they lose all trace of the hunt, and you are able to lie down panting for breath on a grassy ledge, admiring the distant view of the ocean and the Isle of Man, till the music of the hounds floating up through one of the hill gorges gives the signal for another series of contests. You probably find that the marten has ensconced himself in some profound cranny beneath the stones; for, like Shelley's cloud, he seems to have the faculty of passing through the pores of these perforated mountains. The best chance is to smoke him out, and get a shot at him, before he finds another refuge; but it is not improbable that after several hours' efforts, when the dogs are tired out, and the terriers have been nearly lost in the bowels of the hill, and you have pulled down a considerable fraction of it in the attempt to release them, the marten may finally elude you in some impenetrable rock fortress. You have then nothing to do but to go home to dinner. That enjoyment is, however, enough for any reasonable mortal. The fox is apt to give longer runs, in which you will probably lose not only your fox, but your friends, your hounds, and yourself. But, under all circumstances, you enjoy first-rate exercise, and become intimate with every hollow and ridge of the surrounding country. And,

taken in this way, not as the dish, but as a piquant sauce, nothing can be much pleasanter than the scenery of the Lakes.

From the London Review.

OVER-TAXED BRAINS.

HUMAN life is in many respects worth more now than it was a hundred years ago. We no longer, as a rule, eat and drink to excess as our ancestors did; we do not invite apoplexy by covering our heads with a cap of dead hair, and swathing our throats in folds of unnecessary linen; our sanitary arrangements are a hundredfold better, and our town-dwellers see much more of the country, and taste much more of the country air. Yet it is certain that nervous disorders are greatly on the increase, and it is to be feared that the excitement of modern life is introducing new maladies while removing old. A physician of the early or middle Georgian era said that a large proportion of the deaths of Englishmen was due to repletion. The proportion under that head is now very much less; but what we have gained in one direction we have lost in another. Among the intellectual and mercantile classes of the present day, the greatest danger to life is from nervous exhaustion. We make too serious and too incessant demands on the most delicate part of our structure, and the whole fabric gives way under paralysis, or heart complaint, or softening of the brain, or imbecility, or madness. Disease of the heart is constantly sweeping off our men of intellect, and the vast size of our modern lunatic asylums, together with the frequent necessity of adding to their number, is a melancholy proof of the overwrought state of a large part of the population. The lamentable suicide on Sunday of Admiral Fitzroy brings us face to face with the depressing fact that modern civilization is a brilliant but a relentless despot, to whom, in some shape or other, our foremost men are called upon to render up their lives. The evidence given at the inquest brings out the pitiable story with only too great clearness. At sixty years of age, while still preserving the external appearance of a man ten years younger, he who had saved so many lives from the perils of the deep, was brought to that pass of profound mental wretchedness and depression that self-inflicted death seemed the only haven of relief from the sheer misery of being. It is, perhaps, not unworthy of note, that Admiral Fitzroy was a near relative of the famous

Lord Castlereagh, who committed suicide in a very similar manner. It may be, that there is a tendency to this form of insanity in the family, since it is well known that such a predisposition may lurk in the blood, and reveal itself from time to time in repeated acts of self-murder. But it is more probable that, in Admiral Fitzroy's as in Lord Castlereagh's case, the origin of the suicidal madness is to be traced to brain-disturbance resulting from over-work. The Prime Minister gave way under the toil and responsibility of guiding such a country as England through one of the most difficult crises of her history—a task rendered the more difficult by the unpopularity of his acts among the masses of the people. The scientific man has been worn out by the weight of continual cares resulting from his post as meteorological officer of the Board of Trade. Both succumbed to demands which they had probably not the physical strength to answer beyond a certain point. In the case of Admiral Fitzroy, we see laid out before us on the inquest all the steps by which the melancholy result was reached. He had been a handsome man, with a fine, vigorous presence, a genial manner, and an amiable disposition. With the accumulating pressure of his work—which, it should be recollected, involved calculations of the utmost nicety, whereon the safety of many lives depended—he became depressed in spirits, peculiar in manner, reduced in person. He acquired that terrible inability to sleep which is one of the most dreadful of those means by which Nature avenges the abuse of the mental powers; and he was forced to take opium at night—at one time to an extent which threatened serious consequences. The right side of the heart became weak in its action; the brain showed symptoms of paralysis; his medical attendant dreaded the advent of insanity, and warned him that he must refrain from work; his servants noticed that he gave strange and inappropriate answers to questions; his friends remarked that he could not make up his mind on any subject, which he admitted to be the case; he had noises in the ears and twitchings of the hands. His intimate friend, Captain Maury, told him that he "wanted dynamic force," meaning nervous power. In other words, the subtle organization of nerves and brain was worn out, or, perhaps we should rather say, plunged into a state of abnormal and terrible excitement, in which the perceptions became confused, and nothing remained clear but the pain and hopelessness of life. Then the desperate hand was raised against its own

existence, and we read the termination of the story in the verdict of "Temporary Insanity." And much the same story must, doubtless, be told of the other suicide of the week, Mr. Prescott, the banker.

That men of intellect are peculiarly liable to mental disease might be safely supposed, without any direct evidence, from the very nature of intellect and the work it has to perform. Genius, whether it exhibit itself in literature, art, or science, is the result of a peculiar fineness and sensitiveness of the nervous system, without which great men would be nothing more than ordinary men, and having which they are often martyrs as well as conquerors. The possession of this delicate and subtle framework enables them to perceive what others would pass over; but it also lays them open to shocks and jars of which the more robust would not be conscious. Too often in the end, if not in the beginning, genius, as a witty French author once said, "is a disease of the nerves." The brain becomes unnaturally sharpened, and eats into itself. The whole physique suffers from the undue strain on its most exquisite part. The ethereal spirit that sits within this mesh of nerves, and arteries, and fibres, suffers with the suffering of that marvellous mechanism on which it is dependent for its earthly existence. The same week in which we hear of Admiral Fitzroy's suicide brings us news of General Kmety expiring, prematurely old, at fifty. Swift dying in moody mania—Sir Isaac Newton with intellect temporarily shattered—Johnson oppressed by thick-coming fancies—Cowper overcome by them—Sir Walter Scott excited to such a pitch of mental activity, that he "could not leave off thinking," and moved about among familiar scenes with a sense of ghostly unreality—Southey struck down from his height of literary fame into mere imbecility—Buckland smitten in his strength—Laman Blanchard, Haydon, and Hugh Miller perishing by their own hands—these are only a few instances of that fate which so often overtakes men of unusual powers. And to these must be added several cases occurring of late years, in which, without the mind being at all affected, our prominent statesmen, such as Lord Herbert and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, have died prematurely from exhaustion. The fact is that much is expected from those to whom much has been given. They become committed to work which cannot be divided, and they fall as much in the service of their country as though they had perished on the field of battle or the sinking deck.

From the London Review.

MOLIERE-CHARACTERS.*

NOT the least valuable among Mr. Clarke's contributions to literature is this last production of his pen. We do not think it quite equal to his "Shakspeare-Characters" in delicacy of touch and acute perception of minute traits of individuality; but then he had been studying Shakspeare all his life, whereas it is easy to see that his knowledge of Molière is of a more recent date. We hardly anticipate that his volume will "generate an inclination to learn French, in order to read Molière in the original," for few are likely to read it who do not know that language already. As for the uninitiated, they will not catch much of the wit of the original in Mr. Clarke's translations, clever as they are, simply because French wit is untranslatable. The aroma is gone as soon as you transfer it into another language; and we are therefore inclined to think that far more will be done for Molière by Gounod's opera than by any number of elegant extracts, however judiciously made.

As the "Mock-Doctor," recently performed at Covent Garden, is the "Médecin malgré lui" of Molière, we will hear what Mr. Clarke has to say about it, in every word of which we agree:—

"It is, indeed, written throughout in the most delightful spirit of mirth, and genuine ultra farce-humor; from the first scene, where the husband and wife have a matrimonial breeze;—she reproaching him with squandering all they earn in gormandizing; and he retorting, 'You lie!—I spend some of it in drink!' on to where he begins to slacken the rein of his temper, and threatens her in those insinuating terms:—'Dulcet partner of my joys—I'll hide you!—Lovely object of my connubial vows, I'll give you a towelling!'—and his threats end in an ample consummation, for he gives her an unmistakable and unmitigated thrashing:—and then, afterwards, endeavours to make it up to her, by the assurance that these are 'little matters which are absolutely requisite, now and then, in friendship; and that half a dozen thwacks with a stick, between those who love each other'—she being the sole recipient—'have the effect of renewing the affection;' until 'she pays him out' with the trick upon which turns the whole piece,—it follows on to the close in uninterrupted gaiety of true farce-fun.

"One of the most entertaining incidents, however in this piece, is where the young lady suddenly recovers her speech, and clatters, and screams like a macaw, at such a rate, that the father appeal to the doctor, and begs him to make her dumb again; when Sganarelle

* Molière Characters. By C. Cowden Clarke. Edinburgh: Nimmo.

answers: 'That's out of my power. But I'll tell you what I can do for you; I can make you deaf.' He winds up the piece by a pleasantry addressed to his wife:—'There—I pardon you the rib-roasting I got, for the sake of the dignity it raised me to. But, prepare to treat me henceforth with the respect due to a man of my consequence; and remember, that the anger of a doctor is more to be feared than you can think!'"

This reminds us of a curious error in the English libretto, where Sganarelle, instead of offering to make the father deaf, as above, says, he will make *her* (the daughter) deaf, by which the point is missed altogether. It was not wise of Mr. Kenny to change *Sganarelle* into *Dominique*, and his version would have been improved had he made use of Fielding's "Mock Doctor."

It is a misfortune that Molière is not studied more in England; had he written in Latin or Greek, he would have found as many admirers as Terence or Aristophanes. How many of his phrases have become cosmopolitan proverbs:—"Il y a fagots et fagots," and "Nous avons changé tout cela" in Sganarelle; "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" of Scapin; "On trouve avec lui [heaven] des accommodemens" of Tartuffe; "On ne meurt qu'une fois, et c'est pour si longtemps" of Mascarille; the "pauvre homme" of Orgon; and so on. M. Jourdain is a very mine of witty quotations. Many even of the names of Molière's characters have become typical. Thus *Agnes*, in the "Ecole des Femmes," is now used to signify a peculiarly green simpleton of a girl. So *Tartuffe* and *George Dandin* have entered into the ordinary vocabulary of life, everybody being familiar with the "tu l'as voulu" of the latter.

Tartuffe is, perhaps, the best known of Molière's plays; it has been translated into every civilized tongue, and, with adaptations more or less necessary, has been represented on every stage. A few seasons ago, it was acted simultaneously in London by a French *troupe* at the St. James's, and by an English company at the Adelphi. Tartuffe, if we except the *dénouement*, is one of the most perfectly composed comedies ever written. Mr. Clarke calls it "a great drama," italicising the adjective. That is scarcely an apt word; yet the opening scene, or the "Entrée de Madame Pernelle," as it is called, is unrivalled for energy, liveliness, and truth. Tartuffe does not appear until the third act, when we have been already prepared for him, and knew him well by his influence on the other characters. Before the end of the act,

under a semblance of humility, he unveils his true character to the man he is endeavouring to deceive, *Savez-vous*," he says to Orgon, "*après tout, de quoi je suis capable ?*"

"*Tout le monde me prend pour un homme de bien ;*

Mais la vérité pure est que je ne vauz rien."

From this moment we watch his manoeuvres with intense interest; we see him, serpent-like, fascinating his prey, and then encircling it within his coils, until at last he rises to the sublimity of insolence, when, after the requisite scene with Elmire, the wife of his friend and patron, at the end of the fourth act he suddenly throws off the mask, and exclaims to the husband, who has just ordered him to leave the house;—

"*C'est à vous d'en sortir, vous qui parlez en maître.*"

Well might Hallam call this comedy "a new creation in dramatic poetry, and the greatest effort of the author's genius."

Schlegel, in his "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," denied Molière's right to be called "the Father of French Comedy; the professor was a great man in his way, but his knowledge of French was limited. Comedy before and comedy after Molière are two things that differ almost as much from one another as the English language before and after Chaucer. There was plenty of *farce* before Molière, but real *comedy*, which combines dignity with gaiety, began with "*Les Femmes Savantes*," "*Le Misanthrope*," and "*Tartuffe*."

Mr. Clarke does not always write in the best taste. Such phrases as "intelligential enjoyment," "translocatory means of mankind's inter-communion," "life one long Gaudy-day," are blemishes, even though they drop from the pen that wrote "*Molière-Characters*."

From London Society.

A NEW PHASE OF THE OLD STORY.

WE have it on such high authority that "there is nothing new under the sun," that unless the subject was one on which I had thought a great deal, I should hesitate to own my conviction that the saying—if not utterly unfounded—is only to be interpreted in the most general way. Indeed, it has been a melancholy satisfaction to me in my very severe trial, to think that my own case is probably quite without a prece-

dent; and though it was at first an additional thorn that none, even of my most sympathizing friends, ever listened to my story without smiling, yet now I can watch their polite attempt to keep their features straight with a grim satisfaction, for I read in every curve of the mouth an additional evidence that I have not grieved as men grieve commonly, and that my love, like others in never running smooth, has at least chosen a new country, and led me along a rough road, which no one, perhaps, has ever explored before me.

My grandfather was an old-fashioned country squire, whose first wife had died at the birth of their second child—my mother. In his old age he took it into his head to marry a second time; and my cousin—of whom I knew little more than that he had been put into the Guards as heir to the property, and used to snub me when we met as boys—took upon himself to express so decided an opinion on the whole affair, that hardly a year afterwards a formal letter which I received in India, announcing my grandfather's death, went on to say that, in virtue of a will made immediately after an interview with his elder grandson, I was the owner of Surneaux Hall, and all his property; subject only to a few trifling deductions, including a legacy of 100*l.* for my cousin, and a jointure of 500*l.* a year to his young widow of twenty-two. When the news reached me I was at one of the best pig-sticking stations in Bengal; and, as there was no immediate necessity for my return, I determined not to hurry, but enjoy as much as possible the change in my fortunes. The tiger-skin on which my feet are resting as I write, and the stuffed birds which stand on the top of the book-case opposite me, are some of the trophies which remind me of the many pleasant days I spent in the next few months. I did not leave India for more than six months after I had received the news of the old squire's death, when I joined a friend from England on a hunting expedition to the Carpathians, which proved a failure; for we saw nothing larger than a stray deer, and were more than once nearly starved. I left him as soon as we got into inhabited regions again, and after a very leisurely journey through Greece and Italy, stopping a week at one place and a month at another, found myself sitting one fine evening in October, 1858, in an easy chair on the balcony at the Hôtel Biron, Ville Neuve, looking out on the still waters of the lake of Geneva. I had had knocking about enough of late. Five days in the Carpathians, with nothing but a measly pig for

the whole party to eat, had been a sickener; and beneath the soft influences of the setting sun, and gentle breeze from the lake, I was getting very sentimental, and found myself painting charming pictures of peaceful domestic evenings in the old drawing-room at Surneaux, with a graceful wife on the opposite side of the fire, and model babies upstairs, and my old school friend with the poor girl he had been hopelessly engaged to for the last six years in the snug rectory at the bottom of the park. There are, if what doctors tell us is true, certain conditions of the body which render a person more than usually liable to catch any infectious disorder which may be flying about; and no one can reasonably doubt that there are seasons in every man's life when he is even more helplessly predisposed to fall in love on the slightest provocation. A general benevolence, and unwonted appreciation of the beauties of nature, are probably two of the earliest symptoms of the state, and I can now see that my perfect enjoyment as I watched the changing colours on the mountains, as the sun set that evening, and the unusual anxiety I felt for the happiness and welfare of the world at large, would, had I been wise, have been enough to warn me that my frame of mind was very dangerous. I remember everything that night now, as if it was only yesterday; the very order in which the stars came out, as the darkness closed in. The blazing comet curving almost from the Alps on the left, to the distant mountains on the other side of the lake, and the perfect reflections in the still black water below. If I shut my eyes, I can still see it all just as it was. I got up and wandered down to the pier, and as I leant over the railing, the third symptom, a longing melancholy, began to creep over me. It was a heavenly night. Presently the quiet reflection of the comet broke up, and spread into two dancing lines of light, as the red and green lamp of a steamer came in sight, and soon the vessel splashing up, woke me from my reverie.

There were not many passengers so late in the season. Three tourists in dirty coats with the regulation knapsacks and alpenstocks, a dozen working men carrying their own atmosphere of garlic with them, a few poor women, and a sprightly French maid, in bustling anxiety for a pile of boxes, and last, her slight young English mistress, dressed in black. One might as well try to paint the scent of a violet as to convey in words any notion of the charms of the sweet face I gazed into, as she stepped out of the boat. Comet, lake, mountains, all were

forgotten in an instant in the presence of her higher beauty; and I slept that night — if sleep it were — with the "thank you," which rewarded me as I stooped to pick up her shawl, still sounding in my ears, and every nerve fluttering from the contact with her small hand.

It would be sacrilegious to tell all the incidents of the next few days. We met and talked at the table d'hôte. She was going to Old Chillon; I had been there twice, but could not leave without another visit. She was curious to explore the salt-mines at Bex; but could not go alone. Acquaintances formed under such circumstances soon ripen into friendships; and friendships easily grow into something more. She was a young widow (Mrs. Smith was her name): that was all I knew, or cared to know; but long before I left the dear hotel, there was no concealing it, I was over head and ears in love. But what of that? I was twenty-five (a year at least older than she), the owner of a fine estate; and with all my diffidence felt sure that my presence and attentions were not unpleasant to her.

Never was lover more happy than I, as I said "Good by!" and started off to meet a friend on business in Paris, with a warm invitation to call on her in the Rue —, where she hoped to arrive very soon after me, on her way home.

* * * * *

Madame was fatigued with the journey, and was lying down. I learned from Suzette when the tedious days were over, and the time had come for me to know my fate. The absence had decided me, and my mind was quite made up, that life without her would be worthless.

"Would monsieur sit down on the sofa, and madame should know who had called," said the little woman, as she frisked out of the room, with an arch look over her shoulder, which made me feel hot.

The door opened, and she came softly in. I jumped up and kicked my hat over, blushed, and felt my hand get hot and damp as I held it out.

"Oh, Mr. Jones! it is very good of you to call. I thought you would have been sure to have gone to England, or forgotten all about us. Sit down here, and let me tell you all about those horrid railway people."

I sympathized with her, and wished I had been there, of course, as I listened to the story of a trunk which was nearly being put on to the wrong train; and as the conversation flagged, felt my forehead getting hotter still (Paris was so close!). I think she

guessed why I twiddled my hat and brushed it the wrong way; for she looked shy too, but more beautiful than ever. It was getting painful: I twiddled my hat harder than ever. I don't believe I should ever have spoken another word, but she recovered her presence of mind first, and began again.

"Oh! you must let me show you my photographs: they are so lovely; I got them in Geneva. Here is the dear old Dent de Midi. There is one somewhere of the funny old convent we went together to see on the other side of the Rhone, on your last day. You remember my slipping as we were clambering up on to the marble rock behind the garden, to peep at the nuns? You don't know how bad my ankle was afterwards. I did not get out at all the day you went, and could not even come down to dinner. It is so horrid and lonely being laid up in an inn, with no one to care for you. I did get so low-spirited. I did not know a bit how lame I was, till I tried to go upstairs again after you had gone."

I turned over the photographs, and stared blindly at them wrong way upwards, as she paused. It must come sooner or later, I thought. She dropped her eyes, and looked frightened, as I got up, and blurted out, "Perhaps we may never see one another again."

Her breath came quickly, and she looked up timidly, and smiled. I was reckless now, and ran on.

"I can't go to England without telling you what I—I—I * * * No, no! don't say anything yet. I never told you—I could not all that happy time—that I am on my way home to take possession of my place in Shropshire. I want—I—I."

I could not say another word: all my courage was gone, and I stood there more sheepish than ever. She had come to the rescue again, and, looking up at me with her big eyes, said—

"You come from Shropshire? How extraordinary that I should never have found that out before! I'm Shropshire too. I won-

der whether you are anywhere near my dear old home, Surneaux?"

* * * * *

"Oh dear, oh dear! what is the matter?—Are you ill?—Shall I ring? Oh, do speak! Don't look so!—for my sake. Oh!"

* * * * *

What was the matter? Only my chest had been bulged in, and driven up into my mouth—that was all. What was the matter?

Her dear old home Surneaux! Good heavens! Yes, my mother's name—my grandfather's—was Smith!

Her dear old home Surneaux! Then my angel was the old man's baby wife I had heard so much of!

Her dear old home Surneaux! Good heavens! *And a man may not marry his grandmother!*

We were both calmer soon, and I said, "Let me kiss you, grandmamma."

I doubt whether grandmother was ever more touched at a grandson's affection than she was as I threw my arms round her; and (must it be told?) cried like a baby. It was not manly, I dare say; but no one saw it but *she* and Suzette, who came in without knocking, and was going to throw a jug of water over us; but I saw her in time.

My old tried friend has the rectory at the bottom of the park, and I go there every day; for it does me good to see his rosy wife, and romp with his little girl.

There is no nursery at Surneaux.

I am a deputy-lieutenant, and man of note in the county; but the chair opposite mine in the old drawing-room is never used except when grandmamma is with me.

She often comes; but we never speak of the happy days in Switzerland, and neither of us has been there since.

[P. S. Since writing this, grandmamma has come down with her younger sister. She is very agreeable; and, barring the weeds, reminds me much of what G. M. was when we first met.]

SOME of the most interesting experiments which have ever been made upon the subject of radiant heat, are those which Professor Tyndall recently displayed at the Royal Institution. The lecturer's object was to show that after the rays of light proceeding from the electric points have been completely absorbed, the heat rays still travel on, and appear to lose none of their intensity. The electric light was reflected by a concave mirror of about eight inches focus, and then a cell of rock-salt, containing iodine in sulphide of carbon, was placed between the

mirror and focal point. By this means all the light was absorbed; yet, when objects were placed in the focus of the mirror they instantly became inflamed. Wood painted black, when brought into the dark focus, emitted copious volumes of smoke, and was soon kindled. Paper, charcoal, mixtures of oxygen and hydrogen, zinc-foil, magnesium wire, and other metallic substances were similarly affected. For a general expression of the phenomena thus produced Professor Tyndall suggests the term *calorescence*.

From the Spectator, May 13.

END OF THE AMERICAN REBELLION.

THE Confederate power died on the 26th April. On that day General Johnston surrendered to General Grant—or to General Sherman under his orders—all the armies east of the Chattahoochie, on the same terms which General Grant had conceded to General Lee, and without any political conditions. These include the regular and militia forces in North and South Carolina, in Georgia, Florida, and Tennessee. West of the Chattahoochie and east of the Mississippi there is still a small rebel force under Gen. Dick Taylor; and again, west of the Mississippi there is supposed to be a larger one under General Kirby Smith. But neither of these forces can well give much trouble, even if they wish. The Ex-President, Jefferson Davis, was last heard of making off with the spoil of the Richmond banks.

The surrender was preceded by an incident which, but for the firmness of the Government, might have involved a catastrophe. General Johnston had asked permission to surrender on the terms granted to General Lee, when Sherman of his own motion offered to him as representative of the "Confederate States" the bases for a general treaty of peace. These bases were:—1. "The Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to their several State capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenals, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to abide action of both State and Federal authority." 2. "The recognition by the Union of the several State Governments, their officers, and legislatures." 3. "A guaranty to all Southerners of their political rights and franchises, and 'all rights of property as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of States respectively.'" 4. A general amnesty. General Johnston, prompted by Breckinridge, who was in camp, eagerly accepted these terms, which in fact, as we have elsewhere shown, involved Sherman's surrender to him, and they were telegraphed to Washington by eight o'clock on the 19th April. The President at once called the Cabinet together and summoned General Grant, and immediately, supported by their unanimous verdict, disallowed the agreement, telegraphed to Sherman to resume hostilities, and despatched General Grant to conclude the negotiations, which, as we have mentioned, ended in a capitulation for all the Southern armies.

The terms excited throughout the North a kind of roar of disgust which would have cowed Sherman even, had he entertained the idea of resisting the President's orders. He, however gave way without demur, and General Grant with a fine generosity suffered the Confederate armies to surrender to his subordinate. So confident had the Southern leaders been of their position under Sherman's proposal that General Breckinridge, with an impertinence almost amusing, telegraphed to the officer in command of the famous Sixth Corps (Federal) ordering him not to advance, as peace had been signed. The officer telegraphed to Washington, and the Commander-in-Chief was compelled to direct him to pay no attention to any orders received from Sherman, or anybody else except Grant. The marked collapse of the military when confronted with the civil power is the most gratifying feature of the whole affair.

From the Saturday Review.
AMERICA.

THE American war is virtually ended by the capitulation of General JOHNSTON. It seems uncertain whether he had power to bind General TAYLOR, who commands the remnant of the Confederate force in Tennessee and Alabama, and he has probably no relations with General KIRBY SMITH, or the army beyond the Mississippi. There can, however, be no doubt that the Confederates on the east of the river will gladly accept the terms which have been conceded to the principal armies in Virginia and North Carolina. A more prolonged defence of Texas is intrinsically possible, but the eventual conquest of that State by the undivided forces of the Union would be so absolutely certain that no leader would be able to command the obedience of the army in an enterprise which could only terminate in defeat. The defeat and dissolution of the main armies of the Confederacy practically terminates armed resistance to the Government of Washington. General GRANT, with the good taste of a genuine soldier, appears to have allowed SHERMAN the just satisfaction of receiving JOHNSTON'S surrender. The general who has done more than any other to accelerate the final triumph of the Federal arms was fairly entitled, notwithstanding a recent indiscretion, to receive the prize of victory. Mr. STANTON would have been less generous and less just if in this matter he had been consistent with the tone and language of his late despatches. It would even seem that the

SECRETARY FOR WAR has transferred to SHERMAN the jealous dislike which he formerly exhibited to McCLELLAN. Except for the purpose of exciting public irritation, it was unnecessary to circulate the probably apocryphal statement that Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS had escaped southward, with considerable treasure, during the truce between SHERMAN and JOHNSTON.

The objections of the Cabinet to General SHERMAN's singular project of pacification were more legitimate and natural. It is surprising that any general should so deliberately exceed any possible powers which might be supposed to attach to his commission. Notwithstanding his great services, and the importance of the force which was intrusted to his charge, General SHERMAN was only second in command; and his military superior was within easy reach of communication. The Lieutenant-General himself had been strictly limited, by the express order of the late PRESIDENT, to the negotiation of minor military arrangements with the enemy, and to the acceptance of unqualified submission; and the correspondence between General GRANT and General LEE must have been well known to SHERMAN at the time when he assumed the political function of concluding a definite peace. The only decision of similar importance which has been taken by any modern commander of an army was the Convention of Campo Formio, by which Venice was ceded to Austria in 1796. General BONAPARTE, however, had, by his own unaided genius, conquered for his country the advantageous peace which he dictated, and he had good reason for despising the feeble Directory which then administered the Executive Government in France. During the American war the PRESIDENT has steadily maintained the authority of the civil power over even the most successful commanders. One general after another has been summarily dismissed, and the entire control of political affairs has remained with the Government. It can hardly be supposed that SHERMAN expected to be disavowed, yet it is strange that he should think himself entitled to overrule both the decisions of the PRESIDENT and the legislation of Congress. When he concluded his arrangement with General JOHNSTON, he had heard of the assassination of the PRESIDENT, and he must have anticipated a renewed burst of angry feeling against the Southern army and population. The unconditional surrender of JOHNSTON immediately after the repudiation of the more

lenient arrangement sufficiently proves that SHERMAN's liberality was not explained by any military necessity, and that he consulted his own judgment and wishes rather than the demands or the force of his opponent. If General JOHNSTON had been allowed to dictate the terms of peace, he would scarcely have ventured to ask for the conditions which were voluntarily accorded by the victorious commander.

General SHERMAN formally recognized the Governments of the insurgent States, and he even intrusted to their keeping the arms which were to be deposited by the Confederate troops. On submission to the constitutional authority of the Federal Government and Congress, the States were to be restored to the enjoyment of all the rights which they may be supposed to have forfeited by secession. The upstart rival Governments which have been established in Western Virginia and in portions of certain other States were to submit their invalid titles to the decision of the Supreme Court, with the certainty of an unfavourable result if the judges were guided by the plain rules of law. As if for the express purpose of showing contempt for Mr. LINCOLN's famous Proclamation, General SHERMAN carefully abstained from noticing slavery; and consequently his guarantee of property and legal rights would have included the ownership of slaves, until the adoption of the proposed amendment of the Constitution which was passed in the last Session of Congress should have made the obnoxious system for the first time incompatible with Federal legislation. The amendment has not yet obtained the necessary plurality of votes in the Northern and Border States, and, when coercion was no longer possible, it seems unlikely that the South would in any manner facilitate the abolition of slavery. General SHERMAN was fully aware that, in his negotiations with the Southern Commissioners at Fortress Monroe, Mr. LINCOLN made immediate and universal emancipation an indispensable condition of peace; and it was well known that Mr. JOHNSON was not likely to be more pliable, especially as he had, without colour or legal right, emancipated the slaves in Tennessee by his own assumed authority as Governor. Although the Government thought fit to publish the reasons which prompted its disavowal of General SHERMAN, the extravagant usurpation of authority would alone have justified the unanimous decision of the PRESIDENT and his Ministers. Even if the terms of peace had been adopted, they

could only be properly conceded by the Supreme Government.

From the Economist, May 13.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S PROPOSED PEACE.

It is one curious indication how little England has understood the United States that for four years we have had prophecies of a coming event about as impossible as any conceivable revolution in the political condition of the world. Only at the close of these four years has the reasonableness of the English expectation been tested and found to be absolutely unreasonable. Prophecies that the political constitution of the United States was likely to be subverted by a successful General have been promulgated freely in England ever since the appointment of General McClellan to the command of the Northern army; the characters of all his successors have been canvassed in relation to the chance that they, if successful, might achieve the same fate; and when at last General Sherman's great successes were known, and the notion that his march through Georgia was the retreat of a beaten General, exploded, the accounts of his restless and fiery character were read with more than biographical interest, with a sort of presentiment that the political crisis was near. If like prophecies did not hover round General Grant—General Sherman's superior in command, and probably also in military genius,—it was because the simplicity and unambitiousness of his character seemed to be assumed everywhere in the United States. Events passed on without in any degree confirming the fantastic English notion that the people of the United States would be prepared to accept a successful soldier for their dictator, till at length a moment came apparently expressly intended to favour a bold soldier's ambition, if such a one could ever have a chance at all. The most popular President since the time of Washington had been assassinated; his successor was under a cloud through the unfortunate indiscretion attending his inauguration; and General Sherman, the military idol, as it was supposed, of the Northern people, found himself in a position to clear the whole territory of the Southeast of the Chattahoochee of the remaining armies of the Confederacy,—and, as he thought, to gratify the North and conciliate the South by the same bold step. The conciliation of the South, however, involved an act which, in the first place, entirely exceeded his powers as a general and in the second, would have defeated nearly every end for

which the North has waged this long and bloody war. It involved a complete recognition of the absolute State rights of the South, contemplated the surrender of the arms of General Johnston's and the other Southern armies, *not* to the authorities of the United States, but to the civil authority of the various rebellious States,—guaranteed to the South all its former property, as recognized by the Constitution,—including of course the slaves—set at nought the legislation of Congress and the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, as well as pre-judging the question of amnesty to Mr. Davis and the leading Southern statesmen who planned the rebellion. So monstrous an attempt of a soldier to dictate to the civil authorities of his country seems scarcely credible, unless General Sherman had the vanity to think that his own great successes might have won for his actions a prestige and a popularity with which a new and not very widely-respected President could not venture to compete. If so, the only Northern American who probably ever committed in his own mind the blunder of so many Englishmen seems to have been General Sherman. At all events, the result was almost ludicrously contrary to the expectations formed here of the issue of any misunderstanding between the civil and military power. General Sherman's armistice with General Johnston was peremptorily terminated. General Grant was sent to North Carolina to supersede him. Sherman was ordered to resume the offensive, and within another two days the same surrender had been made without political terms of any kind to the Northern commander, which had been offered to Sherman on terms so fatal to the authority of the Union in the rebellious States. And so far was the great military commander from even asserting himself in opposition to the will of his Government, that he was overruled as easily as any of his subordinate officers would have been overruled by his own order in the field; nor did any one at the North even conceive the possibility of military risk in thus superseding a favourite General. The country with one voice denounced General Sherman's condition as pernicious in substance, as well as proceeding from an arrogant assumption of power in him. There was not visible in the North—we do not say any *fear* of a collision—so much as any fancy that a collision might ensue. There is absolutely so little material for the building up of any despotism in the Free States, that the least popular of civil magistrates is obeyed without even a hesitation, though he put himself in conflict with

the most popular General under his authority. It is not that the people resist the temptation to make a military despot, it is that they do not even understand it. The people of the Free States have shown themselves not at all averse to proceedings essentially arbitrary, if taken by the highest authority in the State for the purpose of vindicating their own constitution. But that they have never even considered the possibility of handing over any power reserved to them by the constitution to any man, however heroic, is sufficiently proved by the absolute unanimity of opinion against General Sherman's apparent usurpation of responsibility.

And we may congratulate the United States not merely on the universal unpopularity of any military encroachment, however tentative, on the civil power, but also on the good sense which rendered it evident at once to the Cabinet and people that General Sherman's terms would have been fatal to all the purposes of the war. The war has been a fearful price to pay even for the great end we all now hope to see accomplished, the annihilation of slavery and the construction of a durable system of freedom at the South. The most superficial glance at General Sherman's offered terms betrays at once the extraordinary and criminal blunder he had made in giving back to the South the absolute right to build up again the very same system of society from which this gigantic civil war had sprung. In recognizing the Confederate Government, and awaiting the sanction of Mr. Jefferson Davis to the terms accepted by General Johnston, General Sherman practically discarded the notion that this war had been a rebellion, and attributed a certain legitimacy to the Civil no less than to the Military Government with which he was dealing. That this should in itself offend the Northern people we do not wonder, but it is not with this admission that we, at least, have any fault to find. The extraordinary character of the

blunder consisted in the acknowledgment of the *present* Southern State Governments, — Governments which have been the life and soul of the rebellion, — as the legitimate authorities to whom the arms should be surrendered, and by whom the pacification should be carried out. Nay, General Sherman actually proposed to guarantee the people and inhabitants of all the rebellious States, in the name of the Northern Executive, "their political rights and franchises, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of the States respectively." In other words, he proposed that the new organizing power requisite to weld together the societies of North and South should be guaranteed to the very men so deeply imbued with hostility to the North and the love of slavery, that they have organized and conducted this rebellion. It would not have been more absurd to take the opinion of Mr. Seward's assassin as to the best steps for his restoration to health.

The truth is that unless this disastrous war initiates a revolution, and a great revolution, at the South, it will have failed of *all* its effects; and neither the Union, for which the North have fought so bravely, can be preserved — nor the slavery — for the extinction of which we all hope, be destroyed.

A social revolution must follow the war, or the war is nought. And the precise effect of General Sherman's proposal would have been to intrust the guidance of this social revolution absolutely and implicitly to the very same institutions, conducted by the very same men, which had given birth to secession in the interests of an extended Slavery. The war has lasted four years, — the reconstruction will last probably a much longer time; but a more insane conception could scarcely be imagined than that of asking the conspirators against the Union to superintend the restoration of the Union — the passionate advocates for Slavery to preside over the extinction of Slavery.

A VERY curious process for the preservation of dead bodies has been discovered by Signor Gorini, and, if easily carried out, will prove of much service to teachers of anatomy. The following extract from a letter of Signor Matteucci to the French Academy, although it does not explain the mode of preparation, gives ample evidence as to its results: — The bodies prepared by Gorini's process preserve for some months the natural consistence and plumpness, and have no more smell than that which they possessed prior to preparation. In this condition they may always be employed for dissec-

tion. After a time, instead of putrefying, they simply become dried up, and, as it were, mummified; but even when in this state, they can easily be restored to their former appearance by being left for some time in a water-bath. The viscera, blood-vessels, muscles, and nerves remain perfect, and the latter may be traced to their ultimate extremities. After restoration, the bodies are again liable to desiccation, on exposure to air; but they may a second time (or even oftener) be restored by immersion in water.